

Accessions

171.638

Shelf No.

G.3966.12

Barton Library.

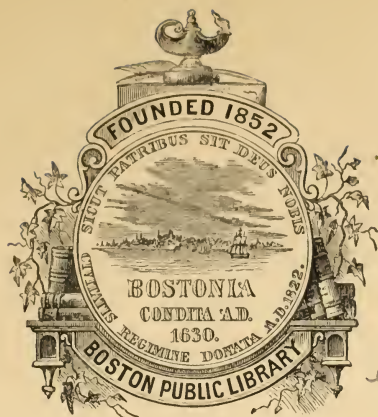


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Roston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.



PAMPHLETS.

Beaumont
and
Fletcher.
Plays.

Barton Library.
26 Nov. 3



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

G 3766

12

ACCESSION No. 171.638

ADDED May 1872

CATALOGUED BY

REVISED BY

MEMORANDA.

Genuine Edition.

A
 D I C T I O N A R Y
 OF THE
 E N G L I S H L A N G U A G E

In which the Words are deduced from their Originals, and their different Significations, by Examples from the best Volumes which are added, An ENGLISH GRAMMAR, and a Dictionary of the LANGUAGE.

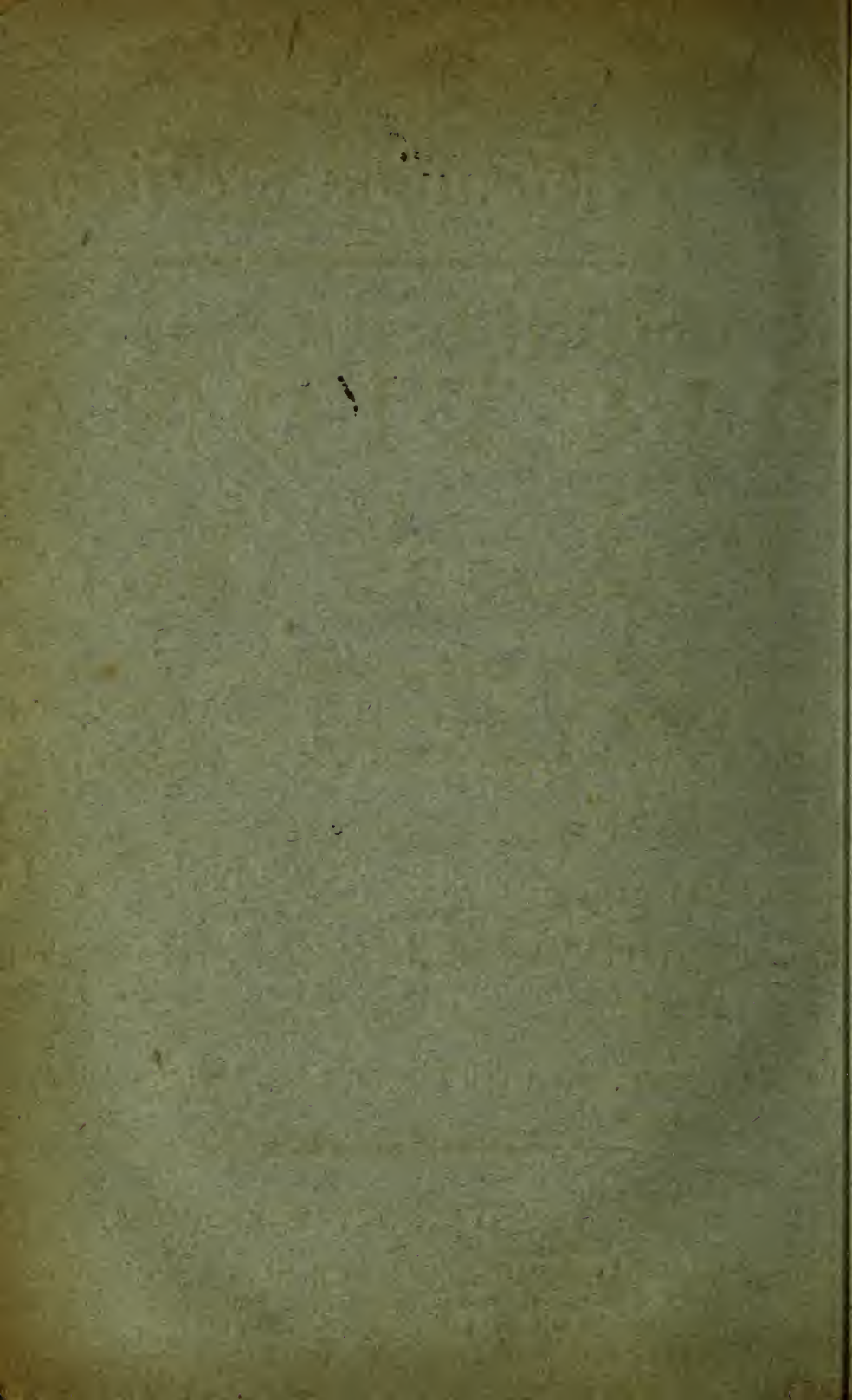
By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

From a Copy with Improvements, Additions, and Corrections, by Dr. JOHNSON to Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, one of his Executors.

Printed for THOMAS LONGMAN, in Paternoster-Row, London, and the Rest of the Kingdom.

C O N D I T I O N S :

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>I. This Work will be elegantly printed, on fine Paper, in Two Volumes in Quarto, from a Copy bequeathed by the Author to Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, one of his Executors, containing numerous Additions, Corrections, and Alterations.</p> | <p>III. The Work will be sold in four Numbers.</p> <p>IV. Number I. will be published Nov. 19, 1785, and the subsequent Numbers will be regularly delivered.</p> |
|---|--|



1st 6^t

6

THE
LOYAL SUBJECT;
 OR, THE
Faithful General:

A
PLAY.

ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
By Her Majesties SERVANTS.

The Authors

Mr. BEAUMONT and Mr. FLETCHER.

With a PREFACE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. N. and sold by W. Keble at the *Black-Bull* in Corn-
 bill; where may be had the *Royal Merchant*; or, *Beggars*
Bush; and all sorts of Plays at reasonable Rates.

1. Febr. 1705

Actors Names.

M E N.

Czar or great Duke of <i>Moscowy</i> .	Mr. Williams.
<i>Archas</i> , the Loyal Subject, General of the <i>Moscovites</i> .	Mr. Mills.
<i>Theodore</i> , Son to <i>Archas</i> , Valiant and Bold.	Mr. Wilks.
<i>Putsky</i> (alias) <i>Brisky</i> , a Captain, Brother to <i>Archas</i> .	Mr. Griffin.
<i>Alinda</i> (alias) <i>Archas</i> , Son to <i>Archas</i> .	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Burris</i> an honest Lord, the Dukes Favourite.	Mr. Bickerstaffe.
<i>Borosky</i> a Malicious seducing Counsellor to the Duke.	Mr. Keen.
Ensign to <i>Archas</i> , a Stout Merry Souldier.	Mr. Johnson.
Souldiers, Gentlemen, Guards.	

W O M E N.

<i>Olimpia</i> Sister to the Duke.	Mrs. Finch.
<i>Honora</i> } Daughters of <i>Archas</i> .	Mrs. Temple.
<i>Viola</i> }	Mrs. Norris.
<i>Petesca</i> } Servants to <i>Olimpia</i> .	Mrs. Cox.
Lady. }	Mrs. Tapsford.
Bawd, a Court Lady.	

Scene MOSCO.

THE
PREFACE.

THE Judicious and Candid will account it a Work of meer Supererogation, either to make any Apology for, or say any thing by way of Encomium on, this present Performance or its Authors ; who are both universally and deservedly celebrated. This Play having been entertained with a general Approbation, not only formerly when it's Compilers were alive and able to support it both by their Character and Interest ; but even now, in this our more Polite and Critical Age, being lately revived just in its own Native and Original Simplicity, without being dismembred, curtail'd, or passing the Index Expurgatorius of any of our Modern Refiners, meeting with a kind Reception sutable to its Merit ; some Puny Poetaster, disguised under the Coverture of a Petticoat, hath presumed to graft his wild degenerate Crab, on this Noble Stock ; but what delicious Fruit it has produced, I leave to the distinguishing Taste of the discerning and generous Encouragers of the Stage.

This spurious Brat being now handing into the World by the Midwifry of the Press, dismally Lane, Distorted, and Imperfect ; and the Town having been so penetrating and judicious, as well as kind and tender, that

The PREFACE.

when this legitimate Off-spring of our Beaumont and Fletcher, appeared on the Stage the very same Day as the By-Blow did; it shewed a true Gust of Standard-Wit, and quitted the Impostor to embrace the Legitimate.

And indeed our Loyal Subject is so intirely compleat in all his Parts, and so well studied and considered in all the Incidents, that it's Improvement or Correction would be a Work for the most accurate and sublime Pen.

Wherefore it might justly be accounted both Ingratitude and Injustice, not to undeceive the World by publishing him intire, from the Original, that those who were so well pleased with him on the Stage, may, when they please, be entertained by him in their Hands, and the Composers Memory and Reputation vindicated from the Imputation of such gross Absurdities and self-inconsistent Incongruities; which often occur in the new modelled ones.

The

THE
Loyal SUBJECT;
OR, THE
Faithful General.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter Theodor and Putskie.

Theod. (her,
Captain, your Friend's prefer'd, the Princess has
Who, I assure my self, will use her nobly ;
A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.

Put. Well bred, Sir ;
I do deliver that upon my Credit,
And of an honest Stock.

Theod. It seems so, Captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Put. Thanks to your Care, Sir ;
But tell me, noble Colonel, why this Habit
Of Discontent is put on through the Army ?
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The Hand that taught to strike, the love that lead all ;
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that begot, and bred the Soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his Arms, like *Autumn*,
His Colours folded, and his Drums Cas'd up,
The Tongue of War for ever ty'd within us ?

Theod. It must be so : Captain, you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a Soldier,
Yet that time shews ye a right good, and great one,

2 *The Loyal SUBJECT; Or,*

Else I could tell ye hours are strangely alter'd :
The young Duke has too many Eyes upon him,
Too many fears, 'tis thought too, and to nourish those,
Maintains too many Instruments.

Put. Turn their Hearts,
Or turn their Heels up, Heaven ? 'Tis strange it should be.
The old Duke lov'd him dearly.

Theod. He deserv'd it ;
And were he not my Father, I durst tell ye,
The memorable hazards he has run through
Deserv'd of this Man too ; highly deserv'd too ;
Had they been less, they had been safe, *Putskie*,
And sooner reach'd regard.

Put. There you strook sure, Sir.

Theod. Did I never tell thee of a Vow he made,
Some Years before the old Duke dy'd ?

Put. I have heard ye
Speak often of that Vow ; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never understood yet. (reason :

Theod. I'll tell thee, then ; and then thou wilt find the
The last great Muster, 'twas before ye serv'd here,
Before the last Duke's Death, whose honour'd Bones
Now rest in Peace, this young Prince had the ordering,
(To Crown his Father's hopes) of all the Army :
Who, to be short, put all his Power to Practise :
Fashion'd, and drew 'em up ; but, alafs, so poorly,
So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,
'The good Duke blush'd, and call'd unto my Father,
Who then was General : Go *Archas* speedily,
And chide the Boy, before the Soldier find him,
Stand thou between his Ignorance and them,
Fashion their Bodies new to thy Direction ;
Then draw thou up, and shew the Prince his Errors.
My Sire obey'd, and did so ; with all Duty
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all Directions :
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,
And anger into wild Words broke out thus :
Well, *Archas*, if I live but to Command here,
To be but Duke once, I shall then remember,
I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,
And by my Father's Hand ; the rest his Eyes spoke.
To which my Father answer'd, somewhat mov'd too,
And with a Vow he seal'd it ; Royal Sir,

Since

Since for my Faith and Fights, your scorn and anger
Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
That day so long expected to reward me,
By his so ever noble Hand you Swore by,
And by the Hand of Justice; never Arms more
Shall rib this Body in, nor Sword hang here, Sir:
The Conflicts I will do you Service then in,
Shall be repentant Prayers: So they parted.
The time is come; and now you know the wonder.

Put. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poor and slight Defences
If his hot Humour raign, and not his Honour:
How stand you with him, Sir?

Theod. A perdue Captain,
Full of my Father's Danger.

Put. He has rais'd a young Man,
They say a slight young Man, I know him not,
For what desert?

Theod. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
Worth the Duke's respect, a clear, sweet, Gentleman,
And of a noble Soul: Come, let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who, within this hour,
You will find an alter'd Man.

Put. I am sorry for't, Sir.

Exeunt.

Scene II.

Enter Olimpia, and two Gentlemen.

Olim. Is't not a handsom Wench?

2 Wom. She is well enough, Madam:
I have seen a better Face, and a straiter Body,
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Olim. What think'st thou, *Petesca*?

Petes. Alas, Madam, I have no skill, she has a black Eye
Which is of the least too, and the dullest Water:
And when her Mouth was made, for certain, Madam,
Nature intended her a right good Stomach.

Olim. She has a good hand.

2 Wom. 'Tis good enough to hold fast.
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a Lute.

Olim. What think ye of her Colour?

Petes. If it be her own,

4 *The Loyal* S U B J E C T ; Or,

'Tis good black Blood ; right Weather-proof,

I warrant it.

2 *Wom.* What a strange pace she's got !

Olim. That's but her Breeding.

Petes. And what a manly Body ? Methinks she looks
As though she would pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.

2 *Wom.* Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,
For me thinks she is too bashful.

Olim. Is that hurtful ?

2 *Wom.* Even equal to too bold ; either of 'em, Madam,
May do her Injury when time shall serve her.

Olim. You discourse learnedly, call in the Wench. *Ex. Gent.*
What envious Fools are you ? Is the Rule general,
That Women can speak handiome of none,
But those they are bred withall ?

Petes. Scarce well of those, Madam,
If they believe they may out-shine 'em any way :
Our natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o'th' top ;
Suppose there were here now,

Now in this Court of *Mosco*, a strange Princess,
Of Blood and Beauty equal to your Excellence,
As many Eyes and Services stuck on her ;
What would you think ?

Olim. I would think she might deserve it.

Petes. Your Grace shall give me leave not to believe ye ;
I know you are a Woman, and so humour'd ;
I'll tell ye, Madam, I could then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more silk Stockings,
With rocking you a-sleep with nightly railings
Upon that Woman, then if I had nine lives (out.

I could wear out ; by this hand ye would scratch her Eyes

Olim. Thou art deceiv'd, Fool ; { *Enter Gentlemen*
Now let your own Eyes mock ye. { *and Alinda.*

Come hither, Girl ; hang me, and she be not a handsome one.

Petes. I fear it will prove, indeed, so.

Olim. Did you ever serve yet
In any place of Worth ?

Alin. No, Royal Lady. *Petes.* Hold up your Head ; fie.

Olim. Let her alone, stand from her.

Alin. It shall be now,

Of all the Blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,

The

The greatest and the happiest to serve you ;
And might my promise carry but that Credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from Duty,
From all the Service that my Life can lend me,
May ever-lasting misery then find me.

Olim. What think ye now ? I do believe, and thank ye ;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest Faith die unrewarded :

What must I call your Name ?

Alin. Alinda, Madam. *Olim.* Can ye Sing ?

Al. A little, when my Grief will give me leave, Lady.

Olim. What Grief can'st thou have, Wench ?

Thou art not in Love ?

Al. If I be, Madam, 'tis only with your Goodness ;
For yet I never saw that Man I sigh'd for.

Olim. Of what Years are you ?

Al. My Mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this Land was blest
With your most happy Birth, I first saluted
This World's fair light : Nature was then so busy,
And all the Graces, to adorn your Goodness,
I stole into the World poor and neglected

Olim. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee ; now I know it ;
And you shall find that Knowledge shall not hurt you :
I hope ye are a Maid ?

Al. I hope so too, Madam ;
I am sure for any Man ; and were I otherwise ;
Of all the services my hopes could point at,
I durst not Touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris and Gent.

Pet. The great Duke, Madam. *Duk.* Good morrow, Sister.

Olim. A good day to your Highness.

Duk. I am come to pray you use no more Persuasions
For this old stubborn Man ; nay, to Command ye ;
His Sail is swell'd too full ; he is grown too insolent,
Too Self-affected, proud, those poor slight Services
He has done my Father, and my self, has blown him
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.

Olim. I am sorry, Sir ; I ever thought those Services
Both Great and Noble.

Bur. However, may it please ye
 But to consider 'em a true Heart's Servants,
 Done out of Faith to you, and not self-fame :
 But to consider, Royal Sir, the dangers ;
 When you have slept secure, the mid-night Tempests,
 That as he marcht, sung through his aged Locks ;
 When you have fed at full, the Wants and Famines ;
 The Fires of Heaven, when you have found all temperate,
 Death with his thousand Doors——

Duk. I have considered ;
 No more ; and that I will have, shall be.

Olim. For the best,
 I hope, all still.

Duk. What handfom Wench is that there ?

Olim. My Servant, Sir.

Duk. Prethee, observe her, *Burris.*

Is she not wondrous handfom ? Speak thy freedom.

Bur. She appears no less to me, Sir.

Duk. Of whence is she ?

Ol. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,
 But far off dwelling ; her desires to serve me
 Brought her to the Court, and her Friends have left her.

Duk. She may find better Friends :

Ye are welcome, fair One,

I have not seen a sweeter : By your Ladies leave :

Nay, stand up sweet, we'll have no superstition :

You have got a Servant ; you may use him kindly,

And he may honour ye :

Good morrow, Sister.

} *Exit Duke and*
Burris.

Ol. Good morrow to pour Grace. How the Wench blushes ?
 How like an Angel now she looks ?

I Wom. At first Jump,

Jump into the Duke's Arms ? We must look to you,
 Indeed, we must, the next jump we are Journey-men.

Pet. I see the ruin of our hopes already,
 Would she were at home again, milking her Father's Cows.

I Wo. I fear she'll milk all the great Courtiers first.

Olim. This has not made ye proud ?

Al. No, certain Madam.

Ol. It was the Duke that kiss'd ye.

Al. 'Twas your Brother,

And therefore nothing can be meant but Honour.

Ol. But say he love ye ?

Al. That he may with safety :

A Prince's love extends to all his Subjects.

Ol. But say in more particular ?

Al. Pray, fear not ;

For Vertue's sake deliver me from doubts, Lady :

'Tis not the name of King, nor all his Promises,

His Glories, and his Greatness stuck about me,

Can make me prove a Traitor to your service ;

You are my Mistriss, and my noble Master,

Your Vertues my ambition, and your favour

The end of all my Love, and all my Fortune ;

And when I fail in that faith——

Ol. I believe thee,

Come wipe your Eyes ; I do : Take you example——

Petesf. I would her Eyes were out.

Wom. If the Wind stand in this door,

We shall have but cold Custom ; some Trick or other,

And speedily.

Petesf. Let me alone to think on't.

Ol. Come, be you near me still.

Al. With all my duty.

Exeunt.

Scene 3. *Enter* Archas, Theodor, Putskic, Ancient, and Soldiers, carrying his Armour piece-meal, his Colours wound up, and his Drums in Cases.

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e're trod, Captain.

Putf. This was not wont to be ; these honour'd Pieces
The fiery God of War himself would smile at,
Buck'd upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like Relicks to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-ey'd oblivion-brood upon 'em

Arch. There set 'em down ; and glorious War farewell ;
Thou Child of Honour, and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms ruines ;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy Followers
Through Fires and Famines, for one Title from thee,
Prodigal Man-kind spending all his Fortunes ;
A long farewell I give thee : Noble Arms,
You Ribs for mighty Minds, you Iron-houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust and consuming Time must now dwell with yee :
And thou good Sword that knewst the way to Conquest,
Upon

Upon whose fatal edge Despair and Death dwelt,
 That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,
 Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument:
 Farewel my Eagle; when thou flew'st, whole Armies
 Have stoopt below thee: At Passage I have seen thee,
 Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy fury;
 And bang 'em up together, as a Tassel,
 Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful Pigeons.
 I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
 The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his head up,
 And rais'd his Waters high, to see the Ruins,
 The ruins our Swords made, the bloody ruins;
 Then flew this Bird of Honour bravely, Gentlemen;
 But these must be forgotten; so must these too,
 And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
 Take 'em you holy Men; my Vow take with 'em,
 Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
 And sacred Rites of War to adorn the Temple:
 There let 'em hang, to tell the World, their Master
 Is now Devotion's Soldier, fit for Prayer,
 Why do ye hang your heads? Why look you sad, Friends?
 I am not dying yet. *Theod.* Ye are indeed to us, Sir,

Putf. Dead to our Fortunes, General.

Arch. You'll find a better,

A greater, and a stronger Man to lead ye,
 And to a stronger Fortune; I am old Friends,
 Time, and the Wars together make me stoop, Gentlemen,
 Stoop to my Grave; my Mind unfurnish'd too,
 Empty and weak as I am; my poor Body,
 Able for nothing now but Contemplation,
 And that will be a Task too to a Soldier:
 Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
 Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd
 For one knock more, I should have made a shift yet
 To have broke one Staff more handsomly, and have died
 Like a good Fellow, and an honest Soldier,
 In the head of ye all, with my Sword in my hand,
 And so have made an end of all with credit.

Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all these In-
 These secure slights——— (Jurics)

Ar. Ha! no more of that, Sirrah,
 Not one Word more of that, I charge ye.

Theod.

Theod. I must speak, Sir.

And may that Tongue forget to sound your Service,
That's Dumb to your Abuses.

Ar. Understand, Fool,
That voluntary I sit down.

Theod. You are forc'd, Sir,
Forc'd for your Safety ; I too well remember
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,
You made this Vow, and whose un-nobleness,
Indeed, forgetfulness of Good——

Ar. No more.
As thou art mine, no more.

Theo. Whose doubts and Envies——
But the Devil will have his due.

Putf. Good gentle Colonel,

Theo. And though disgraces, and contempt of Honour
Reign now, the Wheel must turn again.

Ar. Peace, Sirrah,
Your Tongue's too saucy ; do you stare upon me ?
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it.
Down with that Disobedience ; tye that Tongue up.

Theo. Tongue!

Ar. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah,
And draw that fatal Sword again in anger,

Putf. For Heaven's sake, Colonel.

Ar. Do not let me doubt
Whose Son thou art, because thou can'st not suffer :
Do not play with mine anger ; if thou dost
By all the Loyalty my heart holds——

Theo. I have done, Sir,
Pray pardon me.

Ar. I pray ye be worthy of it :
Beshrew your Heart, you have vexed me.

Theo. I am sorry, Sir:

Ar. Go to, no more of this ; be true and honest,
I know ye are Man enough, mold it to just ends,
And let not my disgraces ; then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. and Gent.

Putf. And't please ye, Sir, the Duke.

Duk. Now, what's all this ?

The meaning of this Ceremonious Emblem ?

Ar. Your Grace should first remember——

Borof. There's his Nature.

Duk. I do, and shall remember still that Injury.
That at the Muster, where it pleas'd your greatness
To laugh at my poor Souldiership, to scorn it ;
And more to make me seem ridiculous,
'Took from my Hands my charge.

Bur. O think not so, Sir.

Du. And in my Father's sight.

Ar. Hēaven be my Witness,
I did no more, (and that with modesty,
With Love and Faith to you) then was my Warrant,
And from your Father Seal'd : nor durst that Rudeness
And impudence of scorn fall from my Haviour,
I ever yet knew Duty.

Duk. We shall teach ye :

I well remember too, upon some Words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry Words, ye answer'd,
If ever I were Duke, you were no Soldier.
You have kept your Word, and so it shall be to you.
From henceforth I dismiss ye ; take your ease, Sir.

Ar. I humbly thank your Grace ; this wasted Body,
Beaten and bruise'd with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet, now, Sir,
And holy Prayers ; in which, when I forget
To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous favours,
May that be Deaf, and my Petitions perish. (pride in)

Borof. What a smooth humble Cloak he has cas'd his
And how he has pull'd his Claws in ? There's no trusting--

Bur. Speak for the best. *Eor.* Believe I shall do ever.

Du. To make ye understand we feel not yet
Such Death of Valour and Experience,
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
That all should be confin'd within your Excellence,
And you, or none be honour'd, take *Borokie*
The place he has Commanded, lead the Soldier ;
A little time will bring thee to his Honour,
Which has been nothing but the World's Opinion,
The Soldiers fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

Theo. O that I durst but answer now.

Putf. Good Colonel.

Theo. My heart will break else ; Royal Sir, I know not
What you esteem Men's lives, whose hourly Labours,
And loss of Blood, Consumptions in your Service,
Whose Bodies are acquainted with more Miseries,
And all to keep you safe, then Dogs or Slaves are.
His Sword the least share gain'd?

Du. You will not fight with me?

Theo. No, Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince ; but I dare speak to ye,
And dare speak truth, which none of their Ambitions,
That be Informers to you, dare once think of ;
Yet truth will now but anger ye ; I am sorry for't.
And so I take my leave.

Du. Ev'n when you please, Sir.

Ar. Sirrah, see me no more.

Du. And so may you too :

You have a House ith' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you have rul'd your self, teach your Son Man-
For this time I forgive him. (ners.

Ar. Heaven forgive all,

And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you Lord General, may your Fights be prosperous.
In all your Course, may Fame and Fortune Court you.
Fight for your Country, and your Prince's Safety ;
Boldly and bravely face your Enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing Vertue,
As if a general Plague had seiz'd before ye ;
Danger, and Doubt, and Labour cast behind ye,
And then come home an old and noble story.

Bur. A little comfort, Sir.

Du. As little as may be :

Farewel, you know your Limit.

Exit Duke, &c.

Bur. Alas, brave Gentleman.

Ar. I do, and will observe it suddenly :

My Grave ; I, that's my limit : 'Tis no new thing.
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim Soldier now :
I have seen him in his sowrest Shapes and dreadfulest ;
I, and I thank my honesty, have stood him :
That audits cast : Farewel my honest Soldiers,

Give me your Hands : Farewell, farewell good *Ancient*,
 A stout Man, and a true, thou art come in Sorrow.
 Blessings upon your Swords, may they ne'er fail you.
 You do but change a Man ; your Fortune's constant :
 That by your ancient Valours is ty'd fast still :
 Be Valiant still and Good ; and when you fight next,
 When flame and fury make but one face of Horror,
 When the greatest rest of all your Honour's up,
 When you would think a spell to shake the Enemy,
 Remember me ; my Prayers shall be with ye.
 So once again farewell.

Putf. Let's wait upon ye.

Ar. No, no, it must not be : I have now left me
 A single Fortune to my self : no more,
 Which needs no train, nor complement : Good Captain,
 You are an honest, and a sober Gentleman,
 And one I think has lov'd me.

Putf. I am sure on't.

Ar. Look to my Boy, he's grown too Head-strong for me,
 And if they think him fit to carry Arms still,
 His Life is theirs : I have a House ith' Country,
 And when your better Hours will give you Liberty
 See me : you shall be welcom. Fortune to ye. *Exit.*

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
 And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no Money :
 I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm ;
 And if I can do that I care not for Money : (too
 I could have curst reasonably well, and I have had the luck
 To have 'em hit sometimes : Whosoever thou art,
 That like a Devil did'st possess the Duke
 With these malicious thoughts ; mark what I say to thee,
 A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sold. O, take the Pox too :

An. They'll cure one another :
 I must have none but kills, and those kill flinking :
 Or, look ye, let the single Pox possess them,
 Or Pox upon Pox.

Putf. That's but ill i'th' Arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i'th' Legs, I would not wish it else :
 And may those grow to Scabs as big as Mole-hils,
 And twice a Day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb
 Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em, I warrant him he has 'em.

Sold.

Sold. May he be ever lowzy.

Anc. That's a pleasure,

The Beggar's Leachery: Sometimes the Soldier's:

May he be ever lazy, sink where he stands;

And Maggots breed in's Brains.

2 Soul. I marrie, Sir,

May he fall Mad in love with his Grand-mother,

And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his Mouth,

And one fall cross his Throat, then let him gargel.

Put. Now, what's the matter?

Enter an Express.

Exp. Where's the Duke, pray Gentlemen?

Put. Keep on your way, you cannot miss. *Exp.* I thank ye. *Exit.*

An. If he be married, may he dream he's Cuckold,

And when he wakes, believe, and swear he saw it:

Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest:

Then in a pleasant Pig-sty, with his own Garters,

And a fine running Knot, ride to the Devil.

Put. If these would do——

An. I'll never trust my mind more,

If all these fail.

1 Sold. What shall we do now, Captain?

For by this honest hand I'll be torn a-pieces,

Unless my old General go, or some that love him,

And love us equal too, before I fight more:

I can make a Shoe yet, and draw it on too,

If I like the Leg well.

Anc. Fight? 'tis likely.

No, there will be the sport, Boys, when there's need on's.

They think that poorer Crown will do, will carry us,

And the brave golden Coat of Captain Cankro

Boroskie: What a noise his very Name carries?

'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,

He need no Soldiers; if he do, for my part,

I promise ye, he's like to seek 'em; so, I think, you think too,

And all the Army: No, honest brave old *Archas*,

We cannot so soon leave thy Memory,

So soon forget thy goodness; he that does,

The Scandal, and the Scum of Arms be counted.

Put. You much rejoice me; now you have hit my meaning:

I durst not press ye, till I found your Spirits.

Continue thus.

Anc. I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

Enter 2d. Exp.

Put. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,

When once Occasion comes: Another Packet.

From whence, Friend, come ye?

2 Exp. From the Borders, Sir.

Put. What News, Sir, I beseech ye?

2 Exp. Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;

The *Tartar's* up, and with a mighty force,
Comes forward like a Tempest, all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave Boys ; brave News, Boys.

2 *Exp.* Either we must have present help—— *Anc.* Still braver.

2 *Exp.* Where lies the Duke ? *Sold.* He's there.

2 *Exp.* 'Save ye Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee :

Now the time's come.

Put. I now 'tis come, indeed, and now stand firm, Boys,
And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This City would make a marvelous fine Bone-fire ;
'Tis old dry Timber, and such Wood has no fellow.

2 *Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon, and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a storm,
When they hear the News once.

Put. Here's one has heard it already,
Room for the General.

{ *Enter Boroskie,*
and *Servants.*

Borosf. Say I am fain exceeding sick o'th' suddain,
And am not like to live.

Put. If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly ; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound ; take a suppository,
'Tis I, Sir ; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and 't like your Honour, kill us,
Kill with Guns, with Guns, my Lord, with Guns, Sir.
What says your Lordship to a Chick in sorrel Sops ?

Put. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny ;
Thou hast but one fault ; Thou art ev'n too valiant.
Come to th' Army, Gentlemen, and let's make them acquainted.

Sold. Away, we are for ye. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Alinda, and two Gentlewomen.*

Al. Why, whither run ye, fools ; will ye leave my Lady ?

Petesf. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.

Al. Why, let him,

I had thought you had fear'd no Men ; upon my Conscience,
You have try'd their strengths already ; stay, for shame.

Pet. Shift for thy self, *Alinda.* *Exit.*

Al. Beauty bless ye :

Into what Groom's Feather-bed will ye creep now ?
And there mistake the Enemy : Sweet Youths ye are,
And of a constant Courage : Are you afraid of Foyning ?

Enter Olimpia.

Olim. O my good Wench, what shall become of us
The Posts come hourly in, and bring new danger ;
The Enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither
With all the Blood and Cruelty he carries,
My Brother now will find his fault.

Al.

Al. I doubt me.

Somewhat too late to, Madam ; but pray fear not,
All will be well, I hope. Sweet, Madam, shake not.

Ol. How cam'st thou by this Spirit ? Our Sex trembles.

Al. I am not unacquainted with these Dangers :

And you shall know my truth ; for e're you perish,
A hundred Swords shall pass through me ; 'tis but dying,
And, Madam, we must do it ; the manner's all :
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely thoughts to ye,
And take my Counsel too ; go presently,
With all the haste ye have, (I will attend ye)
With all the possible speed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours ye ; with all your Art perswade him,
('Twill be a dismal time else) wooe him hither,
But hither, Madam ; make him see the danger ;
For your new General looks like an Ass ;
There's nothing in his Face but Loss.

Olim. I'll do it,

And thank thee, sweet *Alinda* : Oh, my Jewel,
How much I am bound to love thee ; by this hand, Wench
If thou wert a Man—————

Al. I would I were to fight for ye,
But haste, dear Madam.

Ol. I need no spurs, *Alinda*.

Exeunt.

Scene. V. Enter Duke, 2 Exp. Attendants, Gent.

Duk. The Lord General sick now ? Is this a time
For Men to creep into their Beds ; What's become Express
Of my Lieutenant ?

Exp. Beaten, and't please your Grace.
And all his Forces routed.

Duk. That's but cold News.

Enter a Gent.

How now, what good News ? Are the Soldiers ready ?

Gent. Yes, Sir, but fight they will not, nor stir from that place
They stand in now, unless they have Lord *Archas*
To lead 'em out ; they rail upon this General,
And sing Songs of him, scurvy Songs, to worse Tunes :
And much they spare not you, Sir ; here they swear
They'll stand and see the City burnt, and dance about it,
Unless Lord *Archas* come, before they fight for't.
It must be so, Sir.

Duk. I could wish it so too :

And to that end I have sent Lord *Burris* to him ;
But all I fear will fail ; we must die, Gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter Burris.

What bring'st thou, *Burris* ?

Bur. That I am loath to tell ; he will not come, Sir.
I found him at his Prayers ; there he tells me,
The Enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven :

I urg'd.

I urg'd to him all our Dangers, his own Worths,
The Countries ruin : Nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his Head, let fall a Tear, and pointed
Thus with his Finger to the Ground; a Grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.

Your Grace was much too blame.

Where's the new General? *Duke.* He is sick, poor Man.

Bar. He's a poor Man indeed, Sir :

Your Grace must needs go to the Soldier.

Duke. They have sent me Word
They will not stir. They rail at me,
And all the spite they have——

What shout is that there?

Is the Enemy come so near?

Olim. I have brought him, Sir;
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy Sister;

O blessed Woman!

Olim. Use him nobly, Brother;
You never had more need: And Gentlemen,
All the best Powers ye have, to Tongues turn presently,
To winning and perswading Tongues; all my Art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him: And good, my Lord,
Though I exceed the Limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
And not to urge ye farther: Yet, see your Country,
Out of your own sweet Spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the Miseries,
Of every side the Fears: O see the Dangers;
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.

Duke. Next, hear your Prince;
You have said you lov'd him *Archas*,
And thought your Life too little for his Service:
Think not your Vow too great now, now the time is,
And now you are brought to th' Test, touch right now Soldier,
Now shew the manly pureness of thy Mettle:
Now if thou beest that valued Man, that Vertue,
That great Obedience teaching all, now stand it.
What I have said forget, my Youth was hasty,
And what you said your self forgive, you were angry.
If Men could live without their Faults, they were Gods, *Archas.*
He weeps, and holds his hands up; to him, *Burris.*

Bar. You have shew'd the Prince his Faults:
And like a good Surgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart: He feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, Sir: Your own Honour,
The Bounty of that Mind, and your Allegiance,

{ Shout within. Enter
Archas, Olimpia,
and Alinda.

'Gainst which I take it, Heaven gives no Command, Sir,
Nor Seals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye have to do, then I, or this necessity:
Only this little's left: would ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly Triumph?
Conquer that Mind first, and then Men are nothing.

Alin. Last, a poor Virgin kneels: for Loves sake General,
If ever you have lov'd; for her sake, Sir,
For your own honesty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be Bold and Fortunate.
You are a Knight, a good, and noble Soldier.
And when your Spurs were given ye, your Sword buckl'd,
Then were you sworn for Virtues cause, for Beauties,
For Chastity to strike: strike now, they suffer:
Now draw your Sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a Knight ith' Heels, ith' Heart a Coward:
Your first Vow honour made, your last but Anger. (too)

Ar. How like my virtuous Wife this thing looks, speaks
So would she chide my Dulness: fair one I thank ye:
My gracious Sir, your Pardon, next your Hand:
Madam, your Favour, and your Prayers: Gentlemen,
Your Wishes and your Loves; and pretty sweet one,
A favour for your Soldier. *Olim.* Give him this Wench.

Al. Thus do I rye on Victory.

Ar. My Armour,
My Horse, my Sword, my tough Staff, and my Fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to shake thy Glory.

Duke. Go Brave and Prosperous, our Loves go with thee.

Olim. Full of thy Vertue, and our Prayers attend thee.

Bur. &c. Loaden with Victory, and we to Honour thee.

Al. Come home ye Son of Honour,
And I'll serve ye.

Exeunt.

ACT II. Scene I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO news of *Archas* yet?

Bur. But now, and t' please ye

A Post came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He saw the Armies joyn,
The Game of Blood begun, and by our General,
Who never was acquainted but with Conquest,

So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,
And there he said he left 'em. *Duke.* Where's *Boroskie*?

1 Gen. He is up again, and't please ye.

Bur. Sir, me thinks

This News should make ye lightsome, bring Joy to ye,
It strikes our Hearts with general Comfort. *Ex. Du.*

Gone? What should this mean, so suddenly?

He's well? *2. Gent.* We see no other.

1. Would the rest were well too,
That put these Starts into him.

Bur. I'll go after him.

2. 'Twill not be fit, Sir: h'as some Secret in him:
He would not be disturb'd in: know you any thing
Has cross't him since the General went?

Bur. Not any.

If there had been, I am sure I should have found it;
Only I have heard him oft complain for Money;
Money he says he wants. *1.* It may be that then.

Bur. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be. *Enter Duke and Boroskie.*

1. He comes back, and Lord *Boroskie* with him.

Bur. There the Game goes,
I fear some new thing hatching.

Duke. Come heither *Burris*,
Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little Mistress give this Token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Bur. Yes, I shall Sir. *Ex. Bur. and Gen.*

Duke. Wait you without: I would yet try him further.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss: has your Grace heard yet
Of what he has done i'th' Field?

Duke. A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em joyn, and has deliver'd,
The Enemy gave Ground before he parted. *Bor.* 'Tis well.

Duke. Come, speak thy mind, Man: 'tis not for fighting
And noise of War I keep thee in my Bosom,
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood
Thou brought'st me up: and like another nature,
Made good all my Necessities: speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but Envy,
Though I intend, high heaven knows, but your honour,
When vain and empty People shall proclaim me—

Good Sir, excuse me.

Duke.

Duke. Do you fear me for your Enemy?
Speak on your Dury.

Bor. Then I must, and dare, Sir.
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their Loves and Praises,
That Glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir,
And make him strive to make good that Proportion,
Then e're his fortune bred him, he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a nature, if not this way poyson'd,
Perfect enough, easy and sweet, but those are soon seduc'd,
He's a great Man, and what that Pill may work,
Prepar'd by general Voices of the People,
Is the end of all my Council: only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Then you know yet: there if he stand a while well,
But till the Soldier cool, who for their Service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And shoure your self into 'em; 'tis the bounty (2 *Gent.*
They follow with their Loves, and not their Bravery. *Enter*

Duke. But where's the Money? how now?

2 *Gent.* Sir, the Colonel,
Son to the Lord *Archas*, with most happy News
Of the *Tartars* overthrow, without here
Attends your Grace's pleasure.

Bor. Be not seen, Sir,
He's a bold Fellow, let me stand his Thunders;
Toth' Cout he must not come: no Blessing here, Sir,
No face of Favour, if you love your Honour. *Enter Theo.*

Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir, *Ex.*

Bor. Conduct him in, Sir,—— welcome Noble Colonel,

The. That's much from your Lordship: pray where's the

Bor. We hear you have beat the *Tartar*. (Duke?)

The. Is he busy, Sir? *Bor.* Have you taken *Olin* yet?

The. I would fain speak with him,

Bor. How many Men have ye lost?

The. Do's he lye this way?

Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely. *The.* I must see him.

Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not, what's your Commis-

The. No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here? (sion?)

Bor. Why, pray ye, Sir?

Am not I fit to entertain your Business?

The. I think you are not, Sir; I am sure ye shall not. I bring no Tales, nor Flatteries: In my Tongue, Sir, I carry no fork'd Stings. *Bor.* You keep your Bluntness.

The. You are deceiv'd: it keeps me: I had felt else Some of your Plagues e're this: but good, Sir, trifle not, I have business to the Duke.

Bor. He's not well, Sir, And cannot now be spoke withal.

The. Not well, Sir?

How would he ha' been, if we had lost? not well, Sir. I bring him News to make him well: his Enemy That would have burnt his City here, and your House too, Your brave gilt House, my Lord, your Honour's Hangings, Where all your Ancestors, and all their Battels, Their silk and golden Battels are discipher'd, That would not only have abus'd your Buildings, (cries, Your goodly Buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your Butte- Purloin'd your Lordship's Plate, the Duke bestow'd on you, For turning handsomely o'th' toe, and trim'd your Virgins, Trim'd 'em of a new Cur, and't like your Lordship, 'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the Curse is You had had no Remedy against these Rascals, No Law, and't like your Honour; would have kill'd you too And roasted ye, and eaten ye, e're this time: Notable Knaves, my Lord, unruly Rascals: These Youths have we ride up, put Muzzels on 'em, And par'd their Nails, that honest civil Gentlemen, And such most noble Persons as your self is, May live in Peace, and rule the Land with a twine Thread. These News I bring.

Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye?

The. My Lord, I am no Pen-man, nor no Orator, My Tongue was never oyl'd with *Here and't like ye*, *There I beseech ye*; weigh, I am a Soldier, And Truth I covet only, no fine Terms, Sir; I come not to stand treating here; my business Is with the Duke, and of such general Blessing——

Bor. You have overthrown the Enemy, we know it, And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honest Subjects, You have done handsomely and well.

Theod. But, well, Sir?

But handsomely and well? What are we Juglers? I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.

But handsomely and well? Does your Lordship take us
For the Duke's Tumblers? We have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our Lives like Men. *Bor.* Then bravely be it.

The. And for as brave Rewards we look, and Graces,
We have Sweat and Bled for't, Sir.

Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first,
For any good they do, take off the Lustre,
And blot the Benefit.

Theod. Are these the Welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our Rewards? pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
Do my good Lord, Pray seriously, and Sigh too,
For if there be——

Bor. They must be met, and fought with.

The. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a devil ails ye to do these things?
With what assurance dare ye mock Men thus?
You have but single Lives, and those I take it
A Sword may find too: Why do ye dam the Duke up?
And Choak that Course of Love, that like a River
Should fill our empty Veins again with Comforts?
But if ye use these knick-knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful Men and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter Archas, Soldiers, Putskey, Ancient; and others.

Boros. You are too untemperate.

The. Better be so, and Thief too, than unthankful:
Pray use this old Man so, and then we are paid all.
The Duke thanks ye for your Service, and the Court thanks
And wonderful desirous they are to see ye; (ye,
Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for May-games,
Pageants and Bonfires for your welcome home, Sir;
Here your most Noble Friend, the Lord *Boroskey*,
A Gentleman too tender of your Credit,
And ever in the Duke's Ear, for you good, Sir,
Crazy and sickly, yet to be your Servant,
Has leapt into the open Air to meet ye. (come home, Sir,

Bor. The best is, your Words wound not, you are wel-
Heartily welcome home, and for your Service,
The noble Overthrow you gave the Enemy,

The

The Duke salutes ye too with all his Thanks, Sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us.

Putf. There's a reason:

But by the changing of the Colonel's Countenance,
The rolling of his Eyes like angry Billows;

I fear the Wind's not down yet, *Ancient.*

Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir?

Borof. Not much unhealthy,

Only a little grudging of an Ague,

Which cannot last; he has heard, which makes him fearful,

And loath as yet to give your Worth due welcome,

The Sickneſs hath been ſomewhat hot i'th' Army,

Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,

And more his fear than fate: yet howſoever,

An honeſt Care———

Arc. Ye ſay right, and it ſhall be;

For though upon my Life 'tis but a Rumour,

A meer Opinion, without Faith or Fear in't;

For, Sir, I thank Heaven, we never ſtood more healthy,

Never more high and luſty; yet to ſatisfy,

We cannot be too curious, or too careful

Of what concerns his State, we'll draw away, Sir,

And Lodge at further diſtance, and leſs danger.

Borof. It will be well. *Anc.* It will be very ſcurvy.

I ſmell it out, it ſtinks abominably, Stir it no more.

Borof. The Duke, Sir, would have you too,

For a ſhort day or two, retire to your own Houſe,

Whither himſelf will come to viſit ye,

And give ye thanks. *Arch.* I ſhall attend his Pleaſure.

Anc. A Trick, a lowſy Trick; ſo ho, a Trick, Boys.

Ar. How now, what's that?

Anc. I thought I had found a Hare, Sir,

But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, ſhall we hunt him?

Ar. No more ſuch Words.

Borof. The Soldiers grown too ſawcy,

You muſt tie him ſtraiter up. *Ar.* I do my beſt, Sir;

But Men of free-born Minds ſometimes will fly out.

Anc. May not we ſee the Duke?

Borof. Not at this time, Gentlemen,

Your General knows the Cauſe.

Anc. We have no Plague, Sir,

Unleſs it be in our Pay, nor no Pox neither;

Or if we had, I hope that good old Courtier
Will not deny us place there.

Put. Certain, my Lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done;
If not, what need ye may have, 'twould be better,
A great deal nobler, and taste honefter
To use us with more sweetness; Men that dig
And lash away their Lives at the Cart's Tail,
Double our Comforts; meat, and their Masters thanks too,
When they Work well, they have; Men of our Quality,
When they do well, and venture for't with Valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard; when they come home, Sir,
And know these are deserving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their Minds a little
Be stirr'd with Glory? 'tis a Pride becomes 'em,
A little season'd with Ambition,
To be respected, reckon'd well; and honour'd
For what they have done: when to come home thus poorly,
And met with such unjointed Joy, so looked on,
As if we had done no more but Drest a Horse well;
So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,
Take that to drink, had pow'r to please a Soldier?
Where be the Shouts, the Bells rung out, the People?
The Prince himself?

Ar. Peace: I perceive your Eye, Sir,
Is fixt upon this Captain for his Freedom,
And happily you find his Tongue too forward;
As I am Master of the place, I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this Man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the Truth
And Tongue to tell it, I should speak as he do's
And think with Modesty enough, such Saints
That daily thrust their Loves and Lives through hazards,
And fearless for their Country's peace, march hourly
Through all the Doors of Death, and know the darkest,
Should be better canoniz'd for their Service:
What Labour would these Men neglect, what Danger
Where Honour is, though seated in a Billow,
Rising as high as Heaven, would not these Soldiers,
Like to so many Sea-gods charge up to it?
Do you see these Swords? Time's Scythe was ne'er so sharp, Sir;
Nor ever at one Harvest mow'd such handfuls:

Thoughts

Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor Belief so sure,
 When they are drawn, and were it not sometimes,
 I Swim upon their Angers to allay 'em,
 And like a Calm depress their fell Intentions;
 They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer——
 And whose are all these Glories? Why, their Princes,
 Their Countries, and their Friends? Alas, of all these,
 And all the happy ends they bring the Blessings,
 They only share the Labours. A little Joy then,
 And outside of a Welcome, at an upshot,
 Would not have done amiss, Sir: But however
 Between me and my Duty, no crack, Sir,
 Shall dare appear: I hope, by my Example,
 No discontent in them. Without doubt, Gentlemen,
 The Duke will both look suddenly and truly
 On your Deserts: Methinks 'twere good they were paid, Sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for Money;
 And any Favour else——

Ar. We are all bound to ye;
 And so I take my leave, Sir; when the Duke pleases
 To make me worthy of his Eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly,
 I know his good Thoughts to ye.

Ar. With all Duty.
 And all Humility, I shall attend, Sir,

Bor. Once more you are welcome home: these shall be
The. Be sure we be: and handsomely. (satisfied.)

Ar. Wait you on me, Sir. *The.* And honestly: no Jugling.

Ar. Will ye come, Sir? *Exit.*

Bor. Pray, do not doubt.

The. We are no Boys. *Enter a Gent. and 2 or 3 with Money.*

Bor. Well, Sir, (Lordship.)

Gent. Here's Money from the Duke, and't please your

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How fowr the Soldiers look? *Bor.* Is't told?

Gent. Yes: and for every Company a double Pay,
 And the Duke's Love to all.

Anc. That's worth a Ducker.

Bor. You that be Officers, see it discharg'd then,
 Why do not ye take it up?

Anc. 'Tis too heavy: (Tries to lift it.)
 Body o'me, I have strain'd mine Arm.

Bor. Do you scorn it?

Anc.

Anc. Has your Lordship any Dice about ye? Sit round, Gen-
And come on, Seven for my share. (Gentlemen.)

Put. Do you think, Sir,
This is the end we fight for? Can this Durt draw us
To such a stupid tameness, that our Service
Neglected, and look'd lamely on, and skewed at
With a few honourable Words, and this, is righted?
Have not we Eyes and Ears, to hear and see, Sir,
And Minds to understand the slight we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts, Men look on me
As if I had got 'em from a Whore, and shun me;
I tell my Grievs, and fear my Wants. I am answer'd,
Alas 'tis pity! pray Dine with me on Sunday:
These are the Sores we are sick of, the Mind's maladies,
And can this Cure 'em? You should have us'd us nobly,
And for our doing well as well proclaim'd us,
To the World's eye, have shew'd and fainted us,
Then ye had paid us bravely; then we had shin'd, Sir,
Not in this gilded Stuff, but in our Glory:
You may take back your Money.

Gent. This I fear'd still. *Bor.* Consider better, Gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your Lordship;
And now I'll put on my Considering-Cap:
My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may guess it
By having no sute to you for this Money:
For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
Whilst you want that Civility to rank it
With those Rights we expected; Money grows, Sir,
And Men must gather it; all is not put in one Purse.
And that I am no Carter, I could never Whistle yet:
But that I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
And a fine Gentleman, and't like your Honour,
And a most pleasant Companion: All you that are Witty,
Come list to my Ditty; come, set in, Boys,
With your Lordship's patience.

How do you like my Song, my Lord?

Song.

Bor. Even as I like your self, but 'twould be a great deal bet-
You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this Money,
In your own phrase I speak now, Sir, and 'tis very well
You have learn'd to Sing, for since you prove so liberal,
To refuse such means as this, maintain your Voice still,
'Twill prove your best Friend.

Anc. 'Tis a singing Age, Sir,
A merry Moon here now; I'll follow it:
Fidling and Fooling now, gains more than Fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? What would you ask? Speak free-

Sol. And so we dare; a Triumph for the General.

Put. And then an Honour special to his Vertue.

Anc. That we may be preferr'd that have serv'd for it,
And cram'd up into Favour like the Worshipful,
At least upon the City's charge made Drunk
For one whole Year ; we have done 'em ten Years service ;
That we may enjoy our Lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all Things equal,
And catch as catch may be proclaimed ; that when we borrow,
And have no Will to pay again, no Law
Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controul us.

Bor. Some of these may come to pass ; the Duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will ; the General will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience : I have no Power.

Put. Nor Will : Come fellow Soldiers.

Bor. Pray be not so distrustful.

Put. There are Ways yet,
And honest Ways ; we are not brought up Statues.

Anc. If your Lordship
Have any silk Stockings, that have Holes i' th' heels,
Or ever an honourable Cassock that wants Buttons,
I could have cur'd such Maladies ; your Lordship's custom
And my good Ladies, if the Bones want setting
In her old Bodice —

Bor. This is Disobedience.

Anc. Eight Pence a Day, and hard Eggs.

Put. Troop off, Gentlemen,
Some Coin we have, whilst this lasts, or our Credits,
We'll never sell our General's Worth for Six pence.
Ye are beholding to us.

Anc. Fare ye well, Sir,
And buy a Pipe with that : Do you see this Scarff, Sir ?
By this Hand I'll cly Brooms in't, Birchen Brooms, Sir,
Before I eat one Bit from your Benevolence.
Now to our old Occupations again.
By your leave, Lord.

Exit.

Bor. You will bite when your are sharper ; take up the money.
This love I must remove, this fondness to him,
This tenderness of heart ; I have lost my way else.
There is no sending Man, they will not take it ;
They are yet too full of Pillage,
They'll dance for't ere't be long :
Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, refus'd their Money ?

Bor. Very bravely,
And stand upon such Terms 'tis terrible.

Du. Where's Archas ?

Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his House,
According to your pleasure, full of duty
To outward shew ; but what within —

Duk. Refuse it ?

Bor. Most confidently : 'Tis not your Revenues
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a General

That

That knows no ebb of Bounty ; there they eat, Sir,
And loath your Invitations.

Du. 'Tis not possible,
He's poor as they.

Bor. You'll find it otherwise.
Pray make your Journey thither presently,
And as ye go I'll open ye a Wonder,

Good, Sir, this morning. *Du.* Follow me, I'll do it. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. Enter Olimpia, Alinda, Burris, and Gentlewomen.

Olim. But do you think my Brother loves her ?

Bur. Certain, Madam,
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder,
Oft wishes she were nobler Born.

Olim. Do you think him honest ?

Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his heart than I am,
Upon my life I hold him so.

Olim. 'Tis a poor Wench,
I would not have her wrong'd ; methinks my Brother—
But I must not give Rules to his Affections ;
Yet if he weigh her Worth— *Bur.* You need not fear, Madam.

Olim. I hope I shall not : Lord *Burris*
I love her well ; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a Care upon her :
I do not like that Ring, from him to her ;
I mean to Women of her way, such Tokens
Rather appear as Baits, than Royal Bounties :
I would not have it so.

Bur. You will not find it,
Upon my Troth, I think his most Ambition
Is but to let the World know 'has a handsome Mistress :
Will your Grace command me any service to him ?

Olim. Remember all my Duty.

Bur. Blessings crown ye :
What's your Will, Lady ? [to Alinda.]

Al. Any thing that's honest ;
And if you think it fits so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged Vertue, may reach him,
I do beseech your Lordship speak it humbly.

Bur. Fair. One I will ; in the best Phrase I have too,
And so I kiss your hand. *Exit.*

Al. Your Lordship's Servant.

Olim. Come hither, Wench, what art thou doing with that Ring ?

Al. I am looking on the Possie, Madam.

Olim. What is't ?

Al. The Jewel's set within.

Olim. But where the joy, Wench,
When that invisible Jewel's lost ? Why dost thou smile so ?
What unhappy Meaning has thou ?

Al. Nothing, Madam,
But only thinking what strange Spels these Rings have,
And how they Work with some.

Pet. I fear with you too.

Al. This could not cost above a Crown.

Pet. 'Twill cost you

The Shaving of your Crown, if not the Washing.

Olim. But he that sent it, makes the Vertue greater.

Al. I and the Vice too, Madam: Goodness blefs me:
How fit 'tis for my Finger.

2 W. No doubt you'll find too
A Finger fit for you.

Al. Sirrah, *Petesca,*

What wilt thou give me for the Good that follows this?
But thou hast Rings enough, thou art provided:
Heigh-ho, what must I do now?

Pet. You'll be taught that,
The easiest part that e're you learnt, I warrant you.

Al. Ay me, ay me.

Pet. You will divide too, shortly,
Your Voice comes finely forward.

Olim. Come hither Wanton,
Thou art not surely as thou say'st.

Al. I would not:
But sure there is Witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord, how my Heart leaps.

Pet. 'Twill go pit a pat shortly.

Al. And now methinks a thousand of the Duke's shapes;

2 W. Will no less serve ye?

Al. In ten thousand Smiles.

Olim. Heaven blefs the Wench.

Al. With Eyes that will not be denied to enter;
And such soft sweet Embraces; take it from me,
I am undone else, Madam: I am lost else.

Olim. What ails the Girl?

Al. How suddenly I'm alter'd?
And grown my self again? Do not you feel it?

Olim. Wear that, and I'll wear this:
I'll try the Strength on't.

Al. How cold my Blood grows now?
Here's sacred Vertue;
When I leave to honour this,

Every Hour to pay a Kiss,
When each Morning I arise,
Or I forget a Sacrifice;
When this Figure in my Faith,
And the Pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my Will,
Nearer to arrive at still;
When I lose, or change this Jewel,
Fly me Faith, and Heaven be Cruel.

Olim. You have half confirm'd me;
Keep but that way sure,
And what this Charm can do, let me endure. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Enter* Archas, Theodore, Two Daughters,
Honora and Viola.

Ar. Carry your self discreetly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward Passions,
Nor no Distastes to any; Prethee, *Theodore*,
By my Life, Boy, 'twill ruin me.

The. I have done, Sir,
So there be no foul Play he brings along with him.

Ar. What's that to you?
Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.

The. So they mean well——

Ar. Is't fit you be a Judge, Sirrah.

The. 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.

Ar. Get a Banquet ready,
And Dress your selves up handsomely.

The. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em Whores?
Hang up a Sign then,
And let 'em out to Livery.

Ar. Whose Son art thou?

The. Yours, Sir, I hope: but not of your Disgraces.

Ar. Full Twenty thousand Men I have commanded,
And all their Minds with this, calm'd all their Angers;
And shall a Boy of mine own Breed too, of mine own Blood,
One crooked Stick——

The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your House; if taint or black Dishonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I have no share in't.

Yet

Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——

Ar. Hast thou no Reverence? No Duty in thee?

The. This shall shew I obey ye:

I dare not stay: I would have shew'd my Love too,
And that you ask as Duty, with my Life, Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your Hazards,
Which Heaven preserve ye from, and keep the Duke too:
And there's an end of my Wishes, God be with ye. *Exit.*

Ar. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, Honesty,
Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke? *Enter Burris.*

Bur. In the great Chamber, Sir,
And there stays till he see you, ye have a fine House here.

Ar. A poor contented Lodge, unfit for his presence,
Yet all the Joy it hath.

Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.

Ar. I thank ye, Lord:

And now my service to the Duke.

Bur. I'll wait on ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke, Boroskey, Gent. and Attendance.

Du. May this be credited?

Ber. Disgrace me else,

And never more with favour look upon me.

Du. It seems impossible.

Bor. I cannot chuse, Sir,

Till your own Eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too haughty Soldier
Has been so cramm'd and fed, he cares not for ye;
Believe, or let me perish: Let your Eyes,
As you observe the House, but where I point it,
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, 2 Daughters, and Servant.

Du. I'll follow your Direction: Welcome *Archas*,
You are welcome home, brave Lord, we are come to visit ye,
And thank ye for your Service.

Ar. 'Twas so poor, Sir,

In true respect of what I owe your Highness,
It merits nothing.

Du. Are these fair Ones yours, Lord?

Ar. Their Mother made me think so, Sir.

Du. Stand up Ladies:

Beshrew my Heart, they are fair ones; methinks fitter

The

The luster of the Court, then thus live darken'd:
I would see your House Lord *Archas*; it appears to me,
A handsome Pile.

Ar. 'Tis neat, but no great Structure;
It'll be your Grace's Guide, give me the Keys there.

Du. Lead on, we'll follow ye: Begin with the Gallery,
I think that's one.

Ar. 'Tis so, and 't please ye, Sir,
The rest above are Lodgings all.

Du. Go on, Sir.

Exeunt.

Scene IV. Enter *Theodore*, *Putskay*, and *Ancient*.

Put. The Duke gone thither, do you say?

The. Yes, marry do I,

And all the Ducklings too: But what they'll do there.—

Put. I hope they'll crown his Service.

The. With a Custard;

This is no Weather for Rewards; they crown his Service
Rather, they go to shave his Crown: I was rated,
As if I had been a Dog had worried Sheep, out of Doors,
For making but a doubt.

Put. They must now grace him.

The. Mark but the end.

[want him.

Anc. I am sure they should reward him, they cannot

The. They that want Honesty, want any thing.

Put. The Duke is so noble in his own Thoughts.

The. That I grant ye,

If those might only sway him: But 'tis most certain,
So many new born Flies, his Light gave Life too,
Buzze in his Beams, Flesh-Flies, and Butter-flies,
Hornets, and humming Birds, that not one Honey Bee
That's laden with true Labour, and brings home
Increase, and Credit, can scape rifling,
And what she sucks for Sweet, they turn to Bitterness.

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, & talk our minds to 'em?

Put. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now

For doing some brave thing for him; a worse end will take
And for an Action of no worth; not honour him? (me

Upon my Conscience, even the Devil, the very Devil

(Not to belye him) thinks him an honest Man,

I am sure he has sent him Souls any times these 20 Years,

Able to furnish all his Fishmarket.

The.

The. Leave thy Talking,
 And come, let's go to Dinner, and drink to him,
 We shall hear more ere Supper-time; if he be honour'd,
 He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't:
 If he be ruin'd, so, we know the worst then,
 And for my self I'll meet it.

Put. I ne're fear it.

Exeunt.

Scene V. *Enter Duke, Archas, Borosky, Burris,
 Gentlemen and Attendants.*

Du. They are handsome Rooms all, well contriv'd and
 Full of Convenience, the Prospects excellent. *(fitted,*

Ar. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but the
 To taste a Country Banket *(honour*

Du. What Room's that?

I would see all, now; what Conveyance has it?

I see you have kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Ar. Ha? I misdoubted this; 'Tis of no Receipt, Sir.
 For your Eyes most unfit——

Du. I long to see it, *(lent Paintings,*
 Because I would judge of the whole Piece; some excel-
 Or some rare Spoils you would keep to entertain me
 Another time, I know.

Ar. In-troth there is not,
 Nor any thing worth your sight: below I have
 Some Fountains, and some Ponds.

Du. I would see this now.

Ar. *Borosky*, thou art a Knave; It contains nothing
 But Rubbish from the other Rooms and Unnecessaries;
 Wilt please you to see a strange Clock?

Du. This, or nothing: *(Little Trunk*
 Why should you bar it up thus with Defences *ready.*
 Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
 More excellent, and curious of keeping;
 Open't, for I will see't.

Ar. The Keys are lost, Sir;
 Do's your Grace think if it were fit for you,
 I could be so unmannerly?

Du. I will see it, and either shew it——

Ar. Good, Sir——

Du. Thank ye *Archas*,
 You shew your Love abundantly,
 Do I use to entreat thus? Force it open.

Bur.

Bur. That were inhospitable : You are his Guest, Sir,
And with his greatest Joy, to entertain ye.

Du. Hold thy Peace, Fool; will ye open it?

Ar. Sir, I cannot.

I must not if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

(men)

Ar. I must withstand that force: Be not too rash, Gentle-

Duke. Unarm him first, then if he be not Obstinate,
Preserve his Life.

Ar. I thank your Grace, I take it:

And now take you the Keys, go in and see, Sir;
There feed your Eyes with Wonder, and thank that Traytor,
That thing that sells his Faith for Favour. *Exit Duke.*

Bur. Sir, what moves ye?

Ar. I have kept mine pure: Lord *Burris* there's a *Judas*,
That for a Smile will sell ye all: a Gentleman?
The Devil has more Truth, and has maintain'd it;
A Whore's heart more belief in't. *Enter Duke.*

Duke. What's all this *Archas*?

I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
This most inestimable Treasure.

Ar. Yours, Sir.

Duke. Nor do I wonder now the Soldier flights me.

Ar. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no Favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,
That lost Man in his Faith, he has reveal'd it,
To suck a little Honey from ye has betray'd it.
I swear he Smiles upon me, and forsworn too,
Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord: I'll tell ye all, Sir:
Your Father, before his Death, knowing your Temper
To be as bounteous as the Air, and open,
As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,
Your great Mind fit for War and Glory, thriftily
Like a great Husband, to preserve your Actions,
Collected all this Treasure: to our Trusts,
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lords there,
He gave the Knowledge, and the Charge of all this,
Upon his Death-bed too: And on the Sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure
Part from our Secret keepings, till no hope
Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,
No help of those that lov'd ye could supply ye,

And then some great Exploit afoot; my Honesty
 I would have kept till I had made this useful;
 I shew'd it, and I stood it to the Tempest,
 And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
 And so are you too, if you spend this vainly;
 This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,
 Abus'd your Father's Care, abus'd his Faith too:
 Nor can this Mass of Money make him Man more,
 A flea'd Dog has more Soul, an Ape more Honesty:
 All mine ye have amongst it, farewell that,
 I cannot part with't nobler; my Hearts clear,
 My Conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't,
 But, O, thy Hell.

Bor. I seek no Heaven from you, Sir.

Ar. Thy knawing Hell, *Boroskie*, it will find thee:
 Would ye heap Coles upon his Head has wrong'd ye,
 Has ruin'd your Estate? Give him this Money,
 Melt it into his Mouth.

Duke. What little Trunk's that, that's lockt up?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir;
 Richer I think than all.

Ar. You were not Covetous,
 Nor wont to weave your Thoughts with such a courseness;
 Pray, rack not Honesty.

Bor. Be sure ye see it.

Duke. Bring out the Trunk. *Enter with the Trunk.*

Ar. You'll find that Treasure too,
 All I have left me now.

Duke. What's this, a poor Gown?
 And this, a Piece of *Seneca*?

Ar. Yes, sure, Sir,
 More worth than all your Gold, yet ye have enough on't,
 And of a Mine far purer, and more precious:
 This sells no Friends, nor searches into Counsels,
 And yet all Counsel and all Friends live here, Sir,
 Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's Trusty:
 Wilt please ye leave me this.

Duke. With all my Heart, Sir,

Ar. What says your Lordship to't?

Bor. I dare not Rob ye.

Ar.

Ar. Poor miserable Men, you have rob'd your selves both;
This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treasure, your brave Father,
Found me a Child at School with, in his Progress,
Where such a Love he took to some few Answers,
Unhappy boyish Toys hit in my Head then,
That suddenly I made him thus as I was;
For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highness:
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his Favours on me, taught me Arms first,
With those an honest Mind; I serv'd him truly,
And where he gave me Trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the World speak: I humbly Thank your Highness,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine Age, Sir;
And to this Care, a fair *Quietus* given:
Now, to my Book again.

Duke. You have your Wish, Sir,
Let some bring off the Treasure.

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Ar. None, none, my Lord: a poor unworthy Reaper,
The Harvest is his Graces.

Duke. Thank ye *Archas*.

Ar. But will not you repent, Lord? when this is gone,
Where will your Lordship?—

Bor. Pray, take you no care, Sir.

Ar. Do's your Grace like my House?

Duke. Wondrous well, *Archas*,
You have made me richly welcome.

Ar. I did my best, Sir,
Is there any thing else may please your Grace?

Duke. Your Daughters
I had forgot, send them to Court.

Ar. How's that, Sir?

Duke. I said your Daughters; see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my Sister, *Archas*.

Ar. Thank your Highness.

Duke. And suddenly.

Exit.

Ar. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your Temper, tho' you try me too far.

Exit.

A C T III. Scene I.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, Ancient, and Servant.

The. I wonder we hear no News.

Put. Here's your Father's Servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.

The. How now?

Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir; your Father
Intreats you presently, make haste unto him.

The. What News?

Ser. None of the best, Sir, I am ashamed to tell it,
Pray ask no more.

The. Did not I tell ye Gentlemen?
Did not I Prophesy? he is undone then.

Ser. Not so, Sir, but as near it——

Put. There's no help now;
The Army's scatter'd all, through Discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

Anc. Plague of the Devil: have ye watch your Seasons?
We shall Watch you ere long.

The. Farewel, there's no Cure,
We must endure all now: I know what I'll do. *Ex. The. & Ser.*

Put. Nay, there's no striving, they have a Hand upon us,
A heavy, and a hard one.

Anc. Now, I have it,
We have yet some Gentlemen, some Boys of Mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad Trick we'll have to shame these Vipers;
Shall I bless 'em?

Put. Farewel: I have thought my way too. *Exit*

Anc. Were never such rare Cries in Christendom,
As *Mosco* shall afford: we'll live by fooling,
Now fightings gone, and they shall find and feel it. *Exit.*

Scene II. *Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.*

Ar. No more: it must be so; do you think I would see ye
Your Father, and your Friend——

Viol. Pray, Sir, be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor seek that Knowledge;
We are content like harmless things at home,
Children of your Content, bred up in Quiet,

Only

Only to know our selves, to seek a Wisdom
 From that we understand, easy and honest;
 To make our Actions worthy of your Honour,
 Their ends are Innocent as we begot 'em:
 What shall we look for, Sir, what shall we learn there,
 That this more private Sweetness cannot teach us?
 Vertue was never built upon Ambition,
 Nor the Soul's Beauty bred out of Bravery:
 What a terrible Father would you seem to us,
 Now you have moulded us, and wrought our Tempers
 To easy and obedient Ways, uncrooked,
 Where the fair Mind can never lose nor loiter,
 Now to divert our Natures, now to stem us
 Roughly against the Tide of all this Treasure?
 Would ye have us Proud? 'tis sooner bred than buried;
 Wickedly Proud, for such things dwell at Court, Sir.

Hon. Would you have your Children learn to forget their
 And when he Dies, dance on his Monument? (Father,
 Shall wee seek Virtue in a Sattin-Gown,
 Imbroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather?
 And set our Credit to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*?
 This may be done; and if you like, it shall be:
 You should have sent us thither, when we were younger,
 Our Maiden-heads at a higher Rate, our Innocence
 Able to make a Mart indeed: we are now too old, Sir,
 Perhaps they'll think too Cunning too, and slight us,
 Besides, we are altogether unprovided,
 Unfurnish'd utterly of the Rules should guide us:
 This Lord comes, licks his Hand; and protests to me:
 Compares my Beauty to a thousand fine things;
 Mountains and Fountains, Trees and Stars, and Goblins;
 Now, have not I the Manners to believe him,
 He offers me the honourable Curtesy,
 To lie with me all Night, what a Misery is this?
 I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not,
 And how madly these things will shew there.

Ar. I send ye not,
 Like Parts infected, to draw more Corruption;
 Like Spiders to grow great, with growing Evil:
 With your own Vertues season'd, and my Prayers,
 The Card of Goodness in your Minds, that shews ye
 When ye Sail false; the Needle touch'd with Honour,
 That

That through the blackest Storms, still points at Happiness:
 Your Bodies the tall Barks, rib'd round with Goodness;
 Your heavenly Souls the Pilots, thus I send you;
 Thus I prepare your Voyage, Sound before ye,
 And even as you Sail through this World's Vanity,
 Discover Sholes, Rocks, Quickfands, cry out to ye,
 Like a good Master, tack about for Honour:
 The Court is Vertue's School; at least it should be;
 Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the Mettals purer:
 Be it granted, if the Spring be once infected,
 Those Branches that flow from him must run Muddy;
 Say, you find some Sins there, and those no small ones,
 And they like lazy Fits begin to shake ye:
 Say, they affect your Strength, my happy Children,
 Great things through greatest Hazards are atcheiv'd still,
 And then they Shine, then Goodness has his Glory,
 His Crown fast rivited, then Time moves under,
 Where, through the Mist of Errors, like the Sun,
 Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out Nobly.

Hon. I thank you, Sir, you have made me half a Soldier,
 I will to Court most willingly, most fondly.
 And if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
 Such Travellers into *Virginia*,
 As Fame reports, if they can [win me, take me:
 I think I have a close Ward, and a sure one;
 A honest Mind I hope, 'tis Petticoat-proof,
 Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis gold Proof,
 A Coach and Four Horses cannot draw me from it;
 As for your handsome Faces, and filed Tongues,
 Curl'd Millers Heads; I have another word for them,
 And yet I'll Flatter too, as fast as they do,
 And Lie, but not as lewdly: Come, be Valiant, Sister,
 She that dares not stand the push o'th' Court, dares nothing,
 And yet come off ungrazed: Sir, like you,
 We both affect great Dangers now; and the World shall see
 All Glory lies not in Man's Victory.

Ar. Mine own *Honora*.

Viol. I am very fearful,
 Would I were stronger Built: you would have me honest?

Ar. Or not at all, my *Viola*.

Viol. I'll think on't.

For 'tis no easy Promise, and live there.

Do you think we shall do well?

Hon.

Hon. Why, what should ail us ?

Viol. Certain they'l tempt us strongly ; beside the glory
Which Women may affect ; they are handsome Gentlemen,
Every part speaks : Nor is it one Denial,
Nor two, nor ten ; from every Look we give 'em,
They'l frame a Hope, even from our Prayers, Promises.

Ho. Let 'em feed so, and be fat ; there is no fear, Wench,
If thou bee'st fast to thy self.

Viol. I hope I shall be :

And your Example will work more.

Enter Theod.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

The. How do you, Sir ? Can you lend a Man an Angel ?
I hear you let out Money.

Ar. Very well, Sir,

You are pleasantly dispos'd : I am glad to see it,
Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me ?

Theod. Is't come to Patience now ? *Arch.* Is't not a vertue ?

Theod. I know not. I ne're found it so.

Ar. That's because

Thy Anger ever knows, and not thy Judgment.

Theod. I know you have been rifl'd.

Ar. Nothing less, Boy :

Lord, What Opinions these vain People publish ?
Risl'd of what ?

The. Study your Vertue, patience,
It may get Mustard to your Meat. Why in such haste, Sir,
Sent ye for me ?

Ar. For this end only, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your Sisters to the Court ;
I am commanded they live there.

The. Toth' Court, Sir ? *Ar.* Toth' Court, I say.

The. And must I wait upon 'em ?

Ar. Yes, 'tis most fit ye should, ye are their Brother.

The. Is this the Business ? I had thought your mind, Sir,
Had been set forward on some noble Action,
Something had truly stirr'd ye. Toth' Court with these ?
Why, they are your Daughters, Sir. *Ar.* All this I know, Sir.

The. The good old Woman on a Bed he threw.

To th' Court ? *Ar.* Thou art not mad.

The. Nor drunk as you are :

Drunk with your duty, Sir : Do you call it Duty ?

A Pox o' duty, what can these do there ?

What should they do ? Can ye look Babies, Sisters
In the young Gallants eyes, and twirl their Band strings ?
Can ye ride out to air your selves ? Pray, Sir,
Be serious with me : Do you speak this truly ?

Ar. Why, didst thou never hear of Women
Yet at Court, boy ?

The

The. Yes, and good Women too, very good Women, Excellent honest Women ; but are you sure, Sir, That these will prove so ?

Hon. There's the danger, Brother.

The. God a-mercy Wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

Ar. Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say, Do it, and do it handfomly ; go with 'em.

The. With all my heart, Sir ; I am in no Fault now ; If they be thought Whores for being in my Company ; Pray write upon their backs, they are my Sisters, And where I shall deliver 'em.

Ar. Ye are wondrous Jocund,
But prethee tell me, art thou so lewd a Fellow,
I never knew thee fail a truth.

The. I am a Soldier,
And spell-ye what that means.

Ar. A Soldier ? What dost thou make of me ?

The. Your Pallat's down, Sir. *Ar.* I thank ye, Sir.

The. Come, shall we to this matter ?
You will to Court ?

Hon. If you will please to honour us.

The. I'll honour ye, I warrant : I'll set yee off
With such a lustre, Wenches : Alas, poor *Viola*,
Thou art a Fool, thou criest for eating White-bread :
Be a good House-wife of thy Tears, and save 'em,
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, Sister.
Do you weep too ? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come, worthy Sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your Vertues,
Be you as strong to Truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman shall have joy of ye. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Enter Duke and Burris.*

Duke. *Burris* take you ten thousand of those Crowns,
And those two Chains of Pearl they hold the richest,
I give 'em ye.

Bur. I humbly thank your Grace ;
And may your great Example work in me
That noble Charity to Men more worthy,
And of more Wants.

Duke. You bear a good mind, *Burris* ;
Take twenty thousand now ; Be not so modest,
It shall be so, I give 'em ; go, there's my Ring for't.

Bur. Heaven bless your Highness ever. *Exit.*

Duke. You are honest.

Enter Alinda, and Putskie at Door.

Putsk. They're coming now to Court, as fair as Vertue :
Two brighter Stars ne're rose here.

Al. Peace, I have it,

And what my Art can do; the Duke ———

Put. I am gone,
Remember.

[Exit.

Al. I am counsell'd to the full, Sir.

Duk. My pretty Mistress, whether lyes your Business?
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now?

Al. I must confes immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Du. You have no Address, I do believe ye,
I would ye had.

Al. 'Twere too much Boldness, Sir,
Upon so little Knowledge, less deserving.

Du. You'll make a perfect Courtier. *Al.* a very poor one.

Du. A very fair one, Sweet: come hither to me.
What killing Eyes this Wench has? in his Glory
Not the bright Sun, when the *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.

Al. Why does your Grace so view me?
Nothing but common Handsomness dwells here, Sir.
Scarce that: your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.

Du. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee,
In my Eye thou appear'st —

Al. Dim not the sight, Sir,
I am too dull an Object.

Du. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?

Al. I can love,
And love as you do too: but 'twill not shew well:
Or if it do shew here where all Light lustres,
Tinsel Affections, make a glorious glistering,
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.

Du. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?

Al. No, ye cannot,
You never travell'd that way yet: pray pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.

Du. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, Sweet?

Al. I would tell your Grace,
But happily —

Du. It shall be pleasing to me.

Al. I should love you again, and then you would hate me;
With all my Service I should follow ye,
And through all Dangers.

Du. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy Worths,
More make me meet 'em.

Al. You should do so, if ye did well and truly.
But though ye be a Prince, and have Power in ye,
Power of Example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.

Du. Give me Example where?

Al. You had a Mistress;
Oh Heaven, so bright, so brave a Dame, so lovely,
In all her Life so true.

Du. A Mistress?

Al. That serv'd ye with that Constancy, that Care,
That lov'd your Will, and wou'd it too

Du. What Mistress?

Al. That nurs'd your Honour up, held fast your Vertue;
And when she kiss'd encreas'd, not stole your Goodness.

Du. And I neglected her?

Al. Lost her, forsook her,
Wantonly flung her off.

Du. What was her Name?

Al. Her Name as lovely as her self, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.

Du. What was it?

Al. Her Name was *Beau-desert*
Do you know her now, Sir?

Du. *Beau-desert*? I not remember ----

Al. I know you do not:

Yet she has a plainer Name; Lord *Archas* Service;
Do you yet remember her? there was a Mistress!
Fairer than Women, far sinder to you, Sir,
Than Mothers to their first-born Joys: Can you love?
Dare you profess that Truth to me a Stranger,
A thing of no Regard, no Name, no Lustre,
When your most noble Love you have neglected,
A Beauty all the World would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think ye can love me,
And hold ye constant, when I have read this Story?
Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight Pleasure prove a Friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most ty'd, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the Chains of Honesty and Honour,
You have broke and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my Fears: I beseech your Grace
Tempt me no further.

Du. Who taught you this Lesson?

Al. Woful Experience, Sir: If you seek a Fair one,
Worthy your Love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two Daughters of his ruin'd Vertue now
Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir;
But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter Olimpia and Petesca privately.

Du. I love thy Face.

Al. Upon my Life ye cannot.
I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a lewd one,

So truly ill, Art cannot mend it ; for if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, Sir,
In a new Strain ; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye petition to me too, and wait my Answers ;
Yet, o' my Conscience, I should pity ye
After some Ten years Siege.

Du. Prithee do now. *Al.* What would ye do ?

Du. Why I would lye with ye. *Al.* I do not think ye would.

Du. In troth I would, Wench.

Here, take this Jewel.

Al. Out upon't that's scurvy.

Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good Fellowship,
For pure Love, or nothing : thus you shall be sure, Sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't. *Du.* Sure I cannot.

Al. By'r Lady but ye may : when ye have found me able
To do your Work well, ye may pay my Wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace start back ?

Olim. I ha' seen that shakes me :

Chills all my Blood : O where is Faith or Goodness ?

Alinda thou art false, false thou fair one,

Wickedly false ; and (woe is me) I see it.

For ever false. *Pet.* I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Exit.*

Al. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir.

Du. What ?

Al. Whether I shall lye with you, or no : If I find her willing--
For look ye, Sir, I have sworn, while I am in her Service--
('Twas a rash Oath I must confess.)

Du. Thou mockest me.

Al. Why, would you lye with me, if I were willing ?
Would you abuse my Weakness ?

Du. I would piece it,

And make it stronger.

Al. I humbly thank your Highness,
When you piece me, you must pice me to my Coffin :

When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,

'Tis not an Inch of an Ape's Tail will restore it ;

I love you, and I honour you ; but this way

I'll neither love nor serve you :

Heaven change your Mind, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Du. And thine too :

For it must be chang'd, it shall be.

[*Exit.*

Scene 4. Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, and Honora.

Bor. They are goodly Gentlewomen.

Bur. They are,

Wondroos sweet Women both.

The. Does your Lordship like 'em?

They are my Sisters, Sir; good lusty Lasses,
They'll do their Labour well, I warrant you
You'll find no Bed-straw here, Sir.

Hon. Thank you, Brother.

The. this is not so strongly built; but she is good Mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too: she goes tith, Sir. [*Enter 2 Gent.*
Here they be, Gentlemen, must make you merry,
The Toys you wot of: do you like their Complexions?
They be no *Moors*: what think you of this Hand, Gentlemen?
Here's a white Altar for your Sacrifice:
A thousand Kisses here. Nay, keep off yet, Gentlemen,
Let's start first, and have fair Play: what would you give now
To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Moluccas*?
To pass the Straights? Here (do you itch) by St. *Nicholas*,
Here's that will make you scratch and claw,
Claw my fine Gentlemen, move you in divers sorts:
Pray you let me request you to forget
To say your Prayers, whilst these are Courtiers;
Or if you needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher
Than their Eyes?

Bor. How will you have 'em bestow'd, Sir?

The. Even how your Lordship please,
So you do not bake 'em. *Bor.* Bake 'em!

The. They are too high a Meat that way, they run to Gelly;
But if you'll have 'em for your own Diet, take my Counsel;
Stew 'em between two Feather-beds.

Bur. Please you, Colonel,
To let 'em wait upon the Princess?

Theo. Yes, Sir,
And thank your Honour too: But then happily,
These noble Gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, study new Faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well if faith; they have kept their Bodies,
And bin at charge for Baths: Do you see that Shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning, 'twill be grievous:
Alas I brought them to delight these Gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome, and young, my Lord, and two such Blessings.
They will not light upon again in Ten years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

The. They are fit for any thing.
They'll wait upon a Man, they are not bashful;
Carry his Cloak, or untie his Points, or any thing;
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'st Fools.

This

This Wench will leap over Stools too, and sound a Trumpet, Wraffle, and pitch the Bar ; they are finely brought up,

Bor. Ladies, you are bound to your Brother, And have much cause to thank him : He ease you of this Charge, and to the Princess, So please you, He attend 'em.

The. Thank your Lordship : If there be e'er a private Corner as you go Sir, A foolish Lobby out oth' way, make danger, Try what they are, try.

Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.

The. I would fain be your Honours Kinsman.

Bor. Ye are too curst Sir.

The. Farewel Wenches, keep close your Ports y'are washt else.

Ho. Brother bestow your Fears where they are needful.

Exit Boros. Honor. Viol.

The. Honor thy Name is, and I hope thy Nature.

Goe after, Gentlemen, goe, get a Snatch if you can, Yond' old *Erra Pater* will never please 'em.

Alas I brought 'em for you, but see the luck on't, I swear I meant as honestly toward ye——

Nay do not cry good Gentlemen : a little Counfel Will do no harm : they'll walk abroad ith' Evenings, Ye may surprize 'em easily, they wear no Pistols. Set down your Minds in Metre, flowing Metre, And get some good old Linnen Woman to deliver it, That has the trick on't ; you cannot fail :

Farewel Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Bur. You have frightened off the Flesh-flies.

The. Flesh-flies indeed my Lord. *Enter a Serv.*

And it must be very stinking Flesh they will not seize on.

Serv. Your Lordship bid me bring this Casket.

Bur. Yes. Cood Colonel

Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a Pledge He ever holds my Love and Service to him, Deliver him this poor but hearty Token, And where I may be his.——

The. Ye are too Noble ;

A Wonder here my Lord, that dare be Honest, When all Men hold it Vicious : I shall deliver it, And with it your most Noble Love: Your Servant. *Ex. Bur.* Were there but two more such at Court, 'rwere Sainted, This will buy Brawn this *Christmas* yet, and Muscadine. *Ex.*

SCENE V. Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him severally, four Souldiers, crying other things. Borosky and Gentlemen over the Stage observing them.

1. SONG.

Anc. Broom. Broom, the bonny Broom,
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
Ib' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom.
For a Kifs take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little Pleasure,
Take all my whole Treasure:
If all those will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot.
Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom,

2. SONG.

1 Sol. The Wars are done and gone,
And Soldiers now neglected, Pedlars are,
Come Maidens, come alone,
For I can skew you handsome, handsome Ware.
Powders for the Hoad,
And Drinks for your Bed,
To make ye blith and bonny.
As well in the Night we Soldiers can fight,
And please a young Wench as any.

2 Sol. I have, fine Potatos,
Ripe Potatos.

3. SONG.

3 Sol. Will ye buy any Honesty, come away,
I sell it openly by day,
I bring no forced light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great Man Good,
The Tradfman where he swears and lyes,
Each Lady of a noble Blood,
The City Dame to rule her Eyes:
Ye are rich Men now: come buy, and then
Ile make ye richer, honest Men.

4. SONG.

4 Sol. Have ye any crackt Maiden-heads, to new leach or mend?
Have ye any old Maiden-heads to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pritty Gin,
Ile clout 'em, Ile mend 'em, Ile knock in a Pin,
Shall make 'em as good Maids agen,
As ever they have bin.

Bor. What means all this, why do y' sell Brooms Ancient?
Is it Wantonness or Want?

An.

An. The only Reason is,
To sweep your Lordships Conscience : here's one for the nonce.
Gape Sir, you have swallowed many a goodlier Matter ———
The only casting for a crazy Conscience. (your Money

3 *Sol.* Will your Lordship buy any Honesty? 'twill be worth
Bor. How is this?

3 *Sol.* Honesty my Lord, 'tis here in a Quill.

An. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of Wind will blow it out oth' Kingdom.

2 *Sol.* Will your Lordship taste a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd State.

Anc. Fill your Honour full of most noble Itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordships Breeches.

1 *Sol.* *If your Daughters on their Beds,
Have bow'd, or crackt their Maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, so, what fumbling;
If her Foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her Leg above the Knee,
The One and Thirtieth of February let this be tane,
And they shall be arrant Maids again.*

Bor. Ye are brave Soldiers ; keep your wantonness,
A Winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.
Disport you selves, and when you want your Money ——— *Ex.*

Anc. Broom, Broom, &c. *Exit Singing.*

SCENE VI. *Enter Alinda, Honora, Viola.*

Al. You must not be so fearful, little one,
Nor Lady you so sad, you will ne're make Courtiers
With these dull sullen Thoughts ; this Place is pleasure,
Perserv'd to that use, so inhabited ;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful :
These are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
Where all sweets to their free and noble Uses,
Grow ever young and courted.

Hon. Bess me Heaven,
Can things of her years arrive at these Rudiments ?
By your leave fair Gentlewoman, how long have you bin here?

Al. Faith much about a Week.

Hon. You have studied hard,
And by my faith arriv'd at a great Knowledge.

Viol. Were not you bashful at first?

Al. Ay, ay, for an Hour or two ;
But when I saw People laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull Breeding ———

Hon.

Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the Men's Opinions. *Al.* Ever Lady

Hon. And what they think is honourable. —

Al. Most precisely

We follow with all Faith.

Hon. A goodly Catechisme.

Viol. But bathful for an Hour or two?

Al. Faith to say true.

I do not think I was so long : for look ye,
'Tis to no end here, put on what shape ye will,
And four your self with ne're so much Austerity,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too,
'Tis but some two Hours more ; and so much time lost,
Which we hold precious here : In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a Servant,
Your Age, nor all your Art can e'er recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripn'd to ye.
Has the Duke seen ye yet?

Ho. What if he have not?

Al. You do your Beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of sweetness, newness ; set so richly,
As if a Council beyond Nature fram'd ye.

Hon. If we were thus? say Heaven had given these Blessings,
Must we turn these to sin Oblations?

Al. How foolishly this Country way shews in ye?
How full of Flegm? do you come here to pray Ladies.
You had best cry, stand away, let me alone Gentlemen,
Ile tell my Father else.

Viol. This Woman's naught sure,
A very naughty Woman.

Hon. Come, say on friend,
Ile be instructed by ye.

Al. You'll thank me for't.

(ing of.

Ho. Either I or the Devil shall : The Duke you were speak-

Al. 'Tis well remember'd: yes, let him first see you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.

Hon. He's a very Noble Prince they say.

Al. O wondrous gracious;
And as you may deliver your self at the first viewing;
For look ye, you must bear your self ; yet take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet Humility,
And grac'd with such a Bounty in your Beauty — —

Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?

Al. No, no :

'Tis like he will kiss ye, and play with ye:

Hon. Play with me, how?

Al. Why, good-Lord, that you are such a Fool now.
No harm assure your self. *Viol.* Will ye play with me too?

Al. Look Babies in your Eyes, my pretty sweet one:
There's a fine Sport: do you know your Lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none.

Al. I do then, they are handsome,
Convenient for access. *Viol.* Access?

Al. Yes little one,
For Visitation of those Friends and Servants,
Your Beauties shall make choice of: Friends and Visits:
Do you not know those uses? Alas poor Novice;
There's a close Couch or two, handsomely placed too.

Viol. What are those I pray you? (are to lye upon,

Al. Who would be troubled with such raw things? they
And your Love by you; and discourse, and toy in.

Viol. Alas I have no Love,

Al. You must by any means:
You'll have a Hundred, fear not.

Viol. Honesty keep me:
What shall I do with all those?

Al. You'll find uses:
You are ignorant yet, let Time work; you must learn too,
To lie handsomly in your Bed a Mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious Waistcoat, to set you off well,
Play with your Bracelets, Sing; you must learn to Rhime too,
And Riddle neatly; study the hardest Language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be Sense or no,
So it go seemly off. Be sure you profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly: there lies a main Point,
A Key that opens to all practick Pleasure;
He help you to a Friend of mine shall teach you,
And suddenly: your Country way is fulsome.

Hon. Have you Schools for all these Mysteries?

Al. O yes,
And several Hours prefix'd to Study in:
You may have Kalanders to know the good Hour,
And when to take a Jewel: for the Ill too,
When to refuse, with Observations on 'em;
Under what Sign 'tis best meeting in an Arbor,
And in what Bower, and How it works; a Thousand,
When in a Coach, when in a private Lodging,
With all their Vertues.

Hon. Have you studied these?
How beastly they become your Youth? how bawdily?
A Woman of your tenderness, a Teacher,
Teacher of these lewd Arts? of your full Beauty?

A Man made up in Lust, would loath this in you :
The rankest Leacher, hate such Impudence.
They say the Devil can assume Heavens brightness,
And so appear to tempt us : sure thou art no Woman.

Al. I joy to find thee thus.

[*aside*]

Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,
No reluctance in thy Heart : 'tis mischief.

Al. All's one for that ; read these and then be satisfy'd,
A few more private Rules I have gather'd for you,
Read 'em, and well observe 'em : so I leave you.

Exit.

Viol. A wondrous wicked Woman : shame go with thee.

Hon. What new *Pandora's Box* is this ? Ile see it,
Though presently I tear it. Read thine *Viola*,
'Tis in our own Wills to believe and follow.

*Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In Vertues spotless School, so forward run :
Pursue that nobleness, and chaste desire
You ever had, burn in that holy Fire ;
And a white Martyr to fair memory
Give up your Name, unsoil'd of Infamy.*

How's this ? Read yours out Sister : this amazes me.

Vio. Fear not thou yet unblasted *Viola*,
Nor let my wanton words a Doubt beget.
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy Bud,
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good.
Remember whose thou art, and stand a Story
Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine own Glory.

Hon. I know not what to think.

Viol. Sure a good Woman,
An excellent Woman, Sister.

Hon. It confounds me ;
Let 'em use all their Arts, if these be their ends,
The Court I say breeds the best Foes and Friends.
Come, let's be honest Wench, and do our best service.

Vio. A most excellent Woman, I will love her.

Exeunt.

A C T. IV.

Enter Olimpia with a Casket, and Alinda.

Al. **M**Adam, the Duke has sent for the two Ladies.
Olim. I prethee go : I know thy Thoughts are with
Go, go *Alinda*, do not mock me more.

(him.

I have found thy Heart Wench, do not wrong thy Mistriſs,
Thy too much loving Miſtriſs : do not abuſe her.

Al. By your own fair Hands I underſtand you not.

Ol. By thy own fair Eyes I underſtand thee too much,
Too far, and build a Faith there thou haſt ruind.
Go, and enjoy thy Wiſh, thy Youth, thy Pleaſure,
Enjoy the Greatneſs no doubt he has promiſed,
Enjoy the ſervice of all Eyes that ſee thee,
The Glory thou haſt aim'd at, and the triumph :
Only this laſt Love I aſk, forget thy Miſtreſs.

Al. O, who has wrong'd me ? who has ruin'd me ?
Poor wretched Girl, what poiſon is ſlung on thee ?
Excellent Vertue, from whence flows this Anger ?

Ol. Go, aſk my Brother, aſk the Faith thou gav'ſt me,
Aſk all my Favours to thee, aſk my Love,
Laſt, thy forgetfulneſs of Good : then fly me,
For we muſt part *Alinda*.

Al. You are weary of me ;
I muſt confeſs, I was never worth your Service,
Your bounteous Favours leſs ; but that my Duty,
My ready Will, and all I had to ſerve you——
O Heaven thou know'ſt my Honeſty.

Ol. No more :
Take heed, Heaven has a Juſtice : take this Ring with you,
This doting Spell you gave me : too well *Alinda*,
Thou know'ſt the Vertue in't ; too well I feel it :
Nay keep that too, it may ſometimes remember you,
When you are willing to forget who gave it,
And to what Vertuous end.

Al. Muſt I go from you ?
Of all the Sorrows ſorrow has——muſt I part with you ?
Part with my noble Miſtreſs ? *Ol.* Or I with thee Wench.

Al. And part ſtain'd with Opinion ? Farewel Lady,
Happy and Bleſſed Lady, goodneſs keep you :
Thus your poor Servant full of Grief turns from you,
For ever full of Grief, for ever from you.
I have no being now, no Friends, no Country,
I wander Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows how.
No Life, now you are loſt : only mine innocence,
That little left me of my ſelf, goes with me,
That's all my Bread and Comfort. I confeſs Madam,
Truly confeſs, the Duke has often courted me.

Ol. And pow'd his Soul into thee, won thee.

Al. Do you think ſo ?
Well, time that told this Tale, will tell my truth too,
And ſay you had a faithful, honeſt Servant :

The business of my Life is now to pray for you,
Pray for your Vertuous Loves ; Pray for your Children,
When Heaven shall make you happy.

Ol. How she wounds me ?

Either I am undone, or she must go : take these with you,
Some Toys may do you service ; and this Money :
And when you want, I Love you not so poorly,
Not yet *Alinda*, that I would see you perish.
Pierhee be good, and let me hear : look on me,
I Love those Eyes yet dearly ; I have kiss'd thee,
And now Ile do't again : farewell *Alinda*,
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched.

Exit.

Al. You have my Faith,
And all the World my Fortune.

Exit.

SCENE II. *Enter Theodores.*

The: I would fain hear
What becomes of these two Wenches :
And if I can, I will do 'em good. *Enter Gentleman*
Do you hear my honest Friend ? *passing over the*
He knows no such Name. *Stage.*
What a World of business,
Which by Interpretation are meer nothing,
These things have here ? Mas now I think on't better,
I wish he be not sent for one of them
To some of these By-lodgings : methought I saw
A kind of Reference in his Face to Bawdery.

Enter Gentleman with a Gentlewoman passing over the Stage.
He has her, but 'tis none of them : hold fast thief :
An excellent touzing Knave. Mistress
You are to suffer your penance some half Hour hence now
How far a fine Court Custard with Plumbs in it
Will prevail with one of these waiting Gentlewomen,
They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly ;
This is some Yeomen-oth' Bottles now that has sent for her,
That she calls Father : now woe to this Ale incense.
By your leave Sir

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir ; what's your pleasure with me ?

The. You do not know the way to the Maid's Lodgings ?

Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir,

The. But you will not tell me ?

Ser. No indeed will not I, because you doubt it.

Exit.

Enter

Enter 2. Servant.

The. These are fine Gim-cracks: hey, here comes another.
A Bottle of Wine in's Hand, I take it.
Well met my Friend, is that Wine?

2 *Ser.* Yes indeed is it. *The.* Faith I'll drink on't then.

2 *Ser.* Ye may, because ye have sworn, Sir.

The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now, Sir.

2 *Ser.* I cannot help it, Sir. *The.* I'll drink more yet.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis in your own Hands.

The. There's your Bottle, I thank you.

Pray let me drink again.

2 *Ser.* Faith but ye shall not.

Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare you well, Sir. [Exit.

The. This is the fin'st Place to live in I e'er ente'rd.

Here comes a Gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.

Madam, my Lord my Master — [Enter Lady.

Lady. Who's your Lord, Sir?

The. The Lord Boroskia, Lady.

Lady. Pray excuse me:

Here's something for your Pains: within this hour, Sir;

One of the choice young Ladies shall attend him:

Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the Water;

'Tis private and convenient: Do my humble Service

To my honourable good Lord, I beseech you, Sir;

If it please you to visit a poor Lady —

You carry the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman;

The. I shall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good Aptness in you.

I lye here in the Wood-yard, the blew Lodgings, Sir;

They call me merrily the Lady of the — Sir;

A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,

And if it please you take the Pains. [Exit.

The. Dear Lady, take the Pains?

Why a Horse would not take the Pains that thou requir'st now;

To cleave old Crab-tree? One of the choice young Ladies!

I would I had let this Bawd go, she has frighted me;

I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now;

But if they will do, the Devil cannot stop 'em.

Why should he have a young Lady? are Women now

O'th' Nature of Bottles, to be stop't with Corks?

O the thousand little Furies that fly here now!

How now, Captain?

Enter Putskie.

Putf. I come to seek you out, Sir,

And all the Town I have travell'd.

The. What's the News, Man?

Putf.

Putf. That, that concerns us all, and very nearly :
The Duke this Night holds a great Feast at Court,
To which he bids for Guests all his old Counsellors,
And all his Favourites : your Father's sent for.

The. Why he is neither in Coucil, nor in Favour.

Putf. That's it : have an Eye now, or never, and a quick one,
An Eye that must not wink from good Intelligence.
I heard a Bird sing, they mean him no good Office.

The. Art sure he sups here ?

Enter Ancient.

Putf. Sure as 'tis Day.

The. 'Tis like then :

How now, where hast thou been, *Ancient* ?

Anc. Measuring the City :

I have left my Brooms at the Gate here ;
By this time the Porter has stole 'em to sweep out Rascals.

The. Brooms ?

An. I have been crying Brooms all the Town over,
And such a Mart I have made, there's no Trade near it.
O the young handsome Wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my Ware, and sing too ;
Come hither Master Broom-man I beseech you ;
Good Master Broom-man hither, cries another.

The. Thou art a mad Fellow.

Anc. They are all as mad as I : they all have Trades now,
And roar about the Streets like Bull-beggars.

The. What Company of Soldiers are there ?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy Soldiers,
If need be, Colonel.

The. That need's come, *Ancient*,
And 'twas discreetly done : go, draw 'em up presently,
But without Suspicion : this Night we shall need 'em ;
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putskie* guide 'em ;
And wait me for Occasion : here I'll stay still.

Putf. If it fall out we are ready ; if not we are scatter'd :
I'll wait you at an Inch.

The. Do, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3. *Enter Duke, Boroskie.*

Du. Are the Soldiers still so mutinous ?

Bor. More than ever.

No Law nor Justice frights 'em : all the Town over
They play new Pranks and Gambols : no Man's Person,
Of what Degree soever, free from Abuses :
And durst they do this, (let your Grace consider)

These

These monstrous, most offensive things, these Villanies,
If not set on, and sed? if not by one

They honour more than you? and more aw'd by him?

Du. Happily their own Wants. *Borof.* I offer to supply 'em.
And every Hour make Tender of their Moneys:

They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it:

I fear the next Device will be my Life, Sir;

And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

Du. Do you think Lord *Archas* privy?

Bor. More than thought,

I know it, Sir, I know they darst not do

These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,

But that they have a Hope by his Ambitions ----

Du. No more; he's sent for?

Bor. Yes, and will be here sure.

Du. Let me talk farther with you anon. *Bor.* I'll wait, Sir.

Du. Did you speak to the Ladies?

Bor. They'll attend your Grace presently.

Du. How do you like 'em?

Bor. My Eyes are too dull Judges.

They wait here, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter Honora and Viola.

Du. Be you gone then: Come in, Ladies.

Welcome to th' Court, sweet Beauties; now the Court shines,

When such true Beams of Beauty strike amongst us:

Welcome, welcome, even as your own Joys welcome.

How do you like the Court? how seems it to you?

Is't not a Place created for all Sweetness?

Why were you made such Strangers to this Happiness?

Barr'd the Delights this holds? The richest Jewels

Set ne'er so well, if they're not worn to wonder,

By judging Eyes not set off, lose their Lustre:

Your Country Shades are faint; Blasters of Beauty;

The Manners like the Place, obscure and heavy;

The Rose-buds of your Beauties turn to Cankers,

Eaten with inward Thoughts; whilst there you wander.

Here, Ladies, here, you were not made for Cloisters;

Here is the Sphere you move in: here shine nobly;

And by your powerful Influence command all:

What a sweet Modesty dwells round about 'em.

And like a nipping Morn pulls in their Blossoms?

Hon. Your Grace speaks cunningly, you do not this,

I hope, Sir, to betray us; we are poor Triumphs;

Nor can our Loss of Honour add to you, Sir:

Great Men, and great Thoughts, seek things great and worthy;

Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;

Con-

Conquests so nobly won, can never perish.
 We are two simple Maids, untutor'd here, Sir;
 Two honest Maids, is that a Sin at Court, Sir?
 Our Breeding is Obedience, but to good things,
 To vertuous and to fair: what wou'd you win on us?
 Why do I ask that Question, when I have found you?
 Your Preamble has pour'd your Heart out to us;
 You would dishonour us; which in your Translation
 Here at the Court reads thus; Your Grace would love us,
 Most dearly love us; flick us up for Mistresses:
 Most certain, there are thousands of our Sex, Sir,
 That would be glad of this, and handsome Women,
 And crowd into this Favour, fair young Women,
 Excellent Beauties, Sir: When ye have enjoy'd 'em,
 And suckt those Sweets they have, what Saints are these then?
 What Worship have they won? what Name, you guess, Sir,
 What Story added to their time, a sweet one?

Du. A brave spirited-Wench.

Hon. I'll tell your Grace,

And tell you true, you are deceiv'd in us two,
 Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet in my Eye
 You are the handsomest Man I ever lookt on,
 The goodliest Gentleman; take that hope with you;
 And were I fit to be your Wife (so much I honour you)
 Trust me I would scratch for you but I would have you
 I would woee you then.

Du. She amazes me:

But how am I deceiv'd?

Hon. O we are too honest,

Believe it, Sir, too honest, far too honest,
 The way that you propound too ignorant,
 And there is no meddling with us; for we are Fools too,
 Obstinate, peevish Fools. If I would be ill,
 And had a Wanton's Itch, to kick my Heels up,
 I would not leap into th' Sun, and do't there,
 That all the World might see me: an obscure Shade, Sir,
 Dark as the Deed, there is no trusting Light with it,
 Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious Greatness.

Du. You will love me as your Friend?

Hon. I will honour you,

As your poor humble Handmaid, serve and pray for you.

Du. What says my little one; you are not so obstinate?
 Lord, how she blushes! here are truly fair Souls:
 Come, you will be my Love?

Viol. Good Sir be good to me,

Indeed I'll do the best I can to please you;

I do

I do beseech your Grace : Alas, I fear you!

Du. What shouldst thou fear ?

Hon. Fie, Sir, this is not noble.

Du. Why do I stand entreating, where my Power —

Hon. You have no Power, at least you ought to have none
In bad and beastly things : arm'd thus, I'll die here,
Before she suffer wrong.

Du. Another *Archas* ?

Hon. His Child, Sir, and his Spirit.

Du. I'll deal with you then,

For here's the Honour to be won : sit down, Sweet,

Prithee, Honora, sit.

Hon. Now ye intreat I will, Sir.

Du. I do, and will deserve it.

Hon. That's too much Kindness:

Du. *Prithee* look on me!

Hon. Yes, I love to see you,

And could look an Age thus, and admire you :

Whilst you are good and temperate, I dare touch you,

Kiss your white Hand.

Du. Why not my Lips ?

Hon. I dare, Sir.

Du. I do not think ye dare.

Ho. I am no Coward.

Do you believe me now ? or now ? or now, Sir ?

You make me blush ; but sure I mean no ill, Sir :

It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

Du. That I'll do too.

What hast thou wrought into me ?

Hon. I hope all Goodness :

Whilst ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing,

Thus hang about your Neck, and thus doat on you ;

Bless those fair Lights : Hell take me if I durst not —

But, good Sir, pardon me. Sister come hither,

Come hither, fear not, Wench ; come hither, blush not,

Come kiss the Prince, the vertuous Prince. the good Prince :

Du. Thou wilt make me——

Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.

Du. Fie, *Honora*,

Wanton *Honora* ; is this the Modesty,

The noble Chastity your on-set shew'd me,

At first Charge beaten back ? Away.

Hon. Thank you :

Upon my Knees I pray, Heaven too may thank you ;

Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly

You have cozen'd me : In all your hopeful Life yet,

A Scene of greater Honour you ne'er acted :

I knew Fame was a Liar, too long, and loud tongu'd,

And now I have found it : O my vertuous Master !

Viol. My vertuous Master too.

Hon. Now you are thus,

What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

Du. I'll be that Fortune, if I live, *Honora* ;
Thou hast done a Cure **upon** me, Counsel'could not.

Enter Alinda.

Al. Here take your Ring, Sir, and whom you mean to ruine,
Give it to her next ; I have paid for't dearly.

Hon. A Ring to her ?

Du. Why frowns my fair *Alinda* ?
I have forgot both these again. [*Aside.*

Al. Stand still, Sir,
Ye have that violent killing Fire upon you,
Consumes all Honour, Credit, Faith.

Hon. How's this ?

Al. My Royal Mistress's Favour towards me,
Wo-worth you, Sir, you have poison'd, blasted.

Du. I, Sweet ?

Al. You have taken that unmanly Liberty,
Which in a worse Man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my Truth.

Du. Upon my Life 'tis false, Wench.

Al. Ladies,
Take heed, ye have a cunning Gamester,
A handsome, and a high ; come stor'd with Antidotes,
He has Infections else will fire your Bloods.

Du. Prithee, *Alinda*, hear me.

Al. Words steep in Honey,
That will so melt into your Minds, buy Chastity
A thousand ways, a thousand Knots to tie you ;
And when he has bound you his, a thousand Ruins.
A poor lost Woman you have made me.

Du. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.

Al. That Gin's too weak to take me :
Take heed, take heed, young Ladies ; still take heed,
Take heed of Promises, take heed of Gifts,
Of forced feigned Sorrows, Sighs, take heed.

Du. By all that's mine, *Alinda* ———

Al. Swear
By your Mischiefs :
O whither shall I go ?

Du. Go back again,
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

Al. Fare you well, Sir,
I will not curse you ; only this dwell with you,
When ever you love, a false Belief light on you.

[*Exit.*

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

Du.

Du. Part all the World now,
Since she is gone.

Hon. You are crooked yet, dear Master,
And still I fear — [Exeunt.

Du. I am vex'd,
And some shall find it.

[Exit.

Scene 4. Enter Archas and a Servant.

Ar. 'Tis strange
To me to see the Court, and welcome :
O Royal Place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee ?
Who lies on this side, know'st thou ?

Ser. The Lord *Burris*.

Ar. Thou hast nam'd a Gentleman
I stand much bound to.
I think he sent the Casket, Sir ?

Ser. The same, Sir.

Ar. An honest minded Man, a noble Courtier :
The Duke made perfect Choice when he took him.
Go you home, I shall hit the way
Without a Guide now.

Ser. You may want something, Sir.

Ar. Only my Horses,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with :
I'll have no more Attendance here.

Ser. Your Will, Sir ?

[Exit.

Enter Theodore.

The. You are well met here, Sir.

Ar. How now, Boy,
How do'st thou ?

The. I should ask
You that Question : how do you, Sir ?

How do you feel your self ? *Ar.* Why, well and lusty.

The. What do you here then ?

Ar. Why, I am sent for
To Supper with the Duke.

The. Have you no Meat at home ?
Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,
In Doubt and Fear ?

Ar. I have an excellent Stomach,
And can I use it better
Than among my Friends, Boy ?
How do the Wenches ?

The. They do well enough, Sir,
They know the worst by this time. Pray be rul'd, Sir,

Go home again ; and if you have a Supper,
Eat it in quiet there : This is no Place for you,
Especially at this time,
Take my Word for't.

Ar. May be they'll drink hard ;
I could have drank my share, Boy.
Though I am old, I will not out.

The. I hope you will.
Hark in your Ear : the Court's
Too quick of hearing.

Ar. Not mean me well ?
Thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away.

The. To that end, Sir, I tell you.
Away, if you love your self.

Ar. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of Honesty ?

The. Old Gentleman,
Take a Fool's Counsel.

Ar. 'Tis a Fool's indeed ;
A very Fool's : thou hast more of
These Flams in thee, these musty Doubts :
Is't fit the Duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his Presence,
And I, like a tall Fellow, play at bo-peep
With his Pleasure ?

The. Take heed
Of bo-peep with your Pate, your Pate, Sir ;
I speak plain Language now.

Ar. If 'twere not here,
Where Reverence bids me hold,
I would so swinge thee, thou rude,
Unmanner'd Knave ; take from his Bounty,
His Honour that he gives me, to beget
Sawcy and fullen Fears ?

The. You are not mad sure :
By this fair Light, I speak
But what it whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a Truth.

Ar. A Dog : drunken People,
That in their Pot see Visions,
And turn States, Mad-men and Children :
Prithee do not follow me ;
I tell thee I am angry :
Do not follow me.

The. I am as angry

As you for your Heart.

I and wilful too : go, like a Woodcock,
And thrust your Neck ith' noose.

Ar. Ile kill thee.

And thou speak'st but three words more.

Do not follow me.

Exit.

The. A strange old foolish Fellow : I shall hear yer,
And if I do not my part his at me.

Exit.

SCENE V. *Enter two Servants preparing a Banquet.*

1. *Ser.* Believe me Fellow here will be lusty drinking.
Many a washt Pate in Wine I warrant thee. *(ence*

2. *Serv.* I am glad the old General's come : upon my consci-
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark the Trumpet,
They are coming on ; away.

1 *Ser.* We'll have a Rowse too.

Exit.

Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Borosky, attend Gentlemen:

Duk. Come seat your selves : Lord *Archas* sit you there.

Ar. 'Tis far above my worth.

Duk. Ile have it so :

Are all things ready ?

Bor. All the Guards are set,
The Court Gates shut.

Duk. Then do as I prescrib'd you.
Be sure no further.

Bor. I shall well observe you.

Duk. Come bring some Wine : here's to my Sister Gentlemen ;
A Health, and much to all.

Ar. Pray fill it full Sir.

'Tis a high Health to Vertue : here Lord *Burris*,
A Maiden Health : you are more fit to pledge it,
You have a Maiden Soul, and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, you are sad Man.

Du. How now *Burris*.

Go to, no more of this.

Ar. Take the Rowse freely.

'Twill warm your Blood, and make you fit for jollity.
Your Graces Pardon : when we get a Cup Sir,
We old Men prate a pace.

Du. Mirth makes a Banquet ;
As you love me no more.

Bur. I thank your Grace.

Give me it ; Lord *Borosky*.

Boros. I have ill Brains Sir.

Bur. Damnable ill, I know it.

- *Borof*

Borof. But Ile pledge Sir
This vertuous Health.

Bu. The more unfit for thy Mouth.

*Enter a Servant
with Mourning Cloak.*

Du. Come, bring out Robes, and let my guests look nobly,
Fit for my Love and Presence : begin downward.
Off with your Cloaks, take new.

Ar. Your Grace deals truly
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor Subjects,
Who would not fight for you ? what cold dull Coward
Durst seek to save his Life when you would ask it ?
Begin a new Health in your new Adornments,
The Dukes, the Royal Dukes : ah, what have I got
Sir ? ah ! the robe of Death !

Duk. You have deserv'd it.

Ar. The Livery of the Grave ? do you start all from me ?
Do I smell of Earth already ? Sir look on me,
And like a Man ; is this your Entertainment ?
Do you bid your worthiest Guests to bloody Banquets.

Enter a Guard.

A Guard upon me too ? this is too foul play
Boy to thy good, thine Honour ; thou wretched Ruler,
Thou Son of Fools and Flatterers, Heirs of Hypocrites,
Am I serv'd in a Hearse that sav'd you all ?
Are you Men or Devils ? do you gape upon me,
Wider, and swallow all my Services ?
Entomb them first, my Faith next, then my Integrity,
And let these struggle with your mangy Minds,
Your fear'd, and seal'd up Consciences, till you burst.

Borof. These words are Death.

Ar. No those Deeds that want rewards, Sirrah,
Those Battles I have fought, those horrid Dangers,
Leaner then Death, and wilder then Destruction,
I have march'd upon, these honour'd Wounds, times Story,
The Blood I have lost, the Youth, the Sorrows suffer'd,
These are my death, these that can n'er be recompenc'd,
These that you sit a brooding on like Toads,
Sucking from my Deserts the Sweets and Favours,
And render me no pay again but Poisons.

Bor. The proud vain Soldier thou hast set ———

Ar. Thou lyest.

Now by my little time of Life lyest basely,
Maliciously and loudly : how I scorn thee ?
If I had sweld the Soldier, or intended
An A& in Person, leaning to dishonour,
As you would fain have forced me, witness Heaven,
Where clearest understanding of all Truth is,

(For

(For these are spiteful Men, and know no piety)
 When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his Marches,
 His last Incurſions made the City ſweat,
 And drove before him, as a Storm drives Hail,
 Such ſhowers of froſted Fears, ſhook all your Heart ſtrings;
 Then when the *Volga* trembled at his Terror,
 And hid his ſeven curl'd Heads, afraid of bruſing,
 By his arm'd Horſes Hoofs; had I been falſe then,
 Or blown a treacherous fire into the Soldier,
 Had but one ſpark of Villany liv'd within me,
 Ye'ad had ſome ſhadow for this black about me.
 Where was your ſouldiership? why went not you out?
 And all your right honourable Valour with you?
 Why met you not the *Tartar*, and deſi'd him?
 Drew your dead doing Sword, and buckl'd with him?
 Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor?
 And as we ſee a dreadful clap of Thunder
 Rend the ſtiff hearted Oaks, and toſs their Roots up:
 Why did not you ſo charge him? you were ſick then,
 You that dare taint my Credit, ſlipt to Bed then,
 Stewing and fainting with the Fears you had,
 A whorſon ſhaking fit oppreſt your Lordſhip:
 Bluſh Coward knave, and all the World hiſs at thee.

Duk. Exceed not my command. *Exit.*

Bor. I ſhall obſerve it. *Exit.*

Ar. Are you gone too? Come weep not honeſt *Burris*,
 Good loving Lord, no more Tears: 'tis not his Malice,
 This Fellow's Malice, nor the Duke's Diſpleaſure,
 By bold bad Men, crowded into his Nature,
 Can ſtartle me: Fortune ne'er raz'd this Fort yet:
 I am the ſame, the ſame Man, living, dying;
 The ſame Mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal;
 Only the Jugling way that told me to it,
 The *Judas* way, to kiſs me, bid me welcome,
 And cut my Throat, a little Sticks upon me.
 Farwel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
 The World is full of Servants, he may have many:
 And ſome I wiſh him honeſt: he's undone elſe:
 But ſuch another doating *Archas* never,
 So try'd and touch'd a Paith: farewel for ever.

Bur. Beſtrong my Lord: you muſt not go thus lightly.

Ar. Now what's to do? what ſays the Law unto me?
 Give me my great Offence that ſpeaks me guilty,

Bor. Laying aſide a thouſand petty Matters,
 As Scorns and Inſolencies, both from your ſelf and followers,
 Which you put firſt fire to, and theſe are deadly,

I come to one main Cause, which though it carries
A Strangeness in the Circumstance, it carries Death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: you have done a Sacrilege.

Ar. High Heaven defend me Man: how, how *Borosky*?

Bor. You have took from the Temple those vow'd Arms,
The holy Ornament you hung up there,
No absolution of your Vow, no order
From Holy Church to give 'em back unto you
After they were purified from War, and rested
From Blood, made clean by Ceremony: from the Alta
You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore 'em,
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your Vow, the Church too,
And rob'd it of that right was none of yours Sir,
For which the Law requires your Head, you know it.

Ar. Those Arms I fought in last? *Bor.* The same.

Ar. God a Mercy,
Thou hast hunted out a notable Cause to kill me:
A Subtle one: I dye, for saving all you;
Good Sir remember if you can, the Necessity,
The suddainness of Time, the Stage all stood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The Duke himself, the Princes, all the Nobles,
The cries of Infants, bedrid Fathers, Virgins;
Prethee find out a better Cause, a handsomer,
This will undo thee too: People will spit at thee,
The Devil himself would be asham'd of this Cause;
Because my haste made me forget the Ceremony,
The present danger every where, must my life satisfy?

Bor. It must and shall.

Ar. O base ungrateful People,
Have you no other Sword to cut my Throat with
But mine own nobleness? I confess, I took 'em,
The Vow not yet absolv'd, I hung 'em up with:
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce *Tartars* Blood; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar safety, Lord, for all,
I wore 'em for my Countries Health, that gron'd then:
Took from the Temple, to preserve the Temple,
That Holy Place, and all the Sacred Monuments,
The reverent shrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been consum'd to Ashes, their own Sacrifice,
Had I been slack, or staid that Absolution,
No Priest had liv'd to give it; my own Honour
Cure of my Country murder me?

Bor. No, no Sir,
I shall force that from you, will make this cause light too,
away

Away with him : I shall pluck down that Heart Sir.

Ar. Break it thou may'st ; but if it bend, for pity ;
Dogs and Kites eat it : come, I am Honours Martyr.

Exit.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Duke and Burris:*

Du. Exceed my Warrant ?

Bur. You know he loves him not.

Du. He dares as well meet Death as do it, eat Wildfire ;

Through a few Fears I mean to try his goodness,

That I may find him fit to wear, here *Burris* ;

I know *Borosky* hates him, to Death hates him,

I know he's a Serpent too, a swoln one

Noise within.

But I have pull'd his Sting out ; what noise is that ?

The. Within. Down with 'em, down with the Gates.

Sold. Within. Stand, stand, stand.

Putf. Within. Fire the Palace before ye.

Bur. Upon my Life the Soldier, Sir, the Soldier,

A miserable time is come.

Enter Gent.

Gent. O save him,

Upon my Knees, my hearts Knees, save Lord *Archas*,

We are undone else.

Du. Dares he touch his Body ?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

Du. Away *Burris*,

Take Men, and take him from him ; clap him up,

And if I live, I'll find a strange Death for him :

Ex. Bur.

Are the Soldiers broke in ?

Gent. By this time sure they are Sir,

They beat the Gates extreamly, beat the People.

Du. Get me a Guard about me : make sure the Lodgings,

And speak the Soldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heaven that take Sir.

Exit.

Enter Putsky, Ancient, Soldiers with Torches.

Put. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court else,

Render him safe and well,

An. Do not fire the Cellar,

There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be cold

I do not love it mull'd : bring out the General, (weather,

We'll light you, such a Bonfire else ; where are you ?

Speak, or we'll toss your Turrets, peep out of your Hives

We'll smoak you else : is not that a Nose there ?

Put out that Nose again, and if thou dar'st

But blow it before us : now he creeps out on's Burrough.

Putf. Give us the General.

Enter Gent.

Gent. Yes, Gentlemen ;

Or any thing you can desire.

Anc. You Musk-cat

Cordevan-skin, we will not take your answer.

Put. Where is the Duke? speak suddenly and send him hither.

Anc. Or we'll so fry your Buttocks.

Gent. Good sweet Gentlemen —

Anc. We are neither good, nor sweet, we are Soldiers
And you Miscreants that abuse the General,
Give fire my Boys 'tis a dark Evening,
Let's light 'em to their Lodgings.

Enter Olimpia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, Women.

Hon. Good Brother be not fierce.

The. I will not hurt her,
Fear not sweet Lady.

Ol. May do what you please Sir,
I have a Sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more, contemns all danger.

Enter Duke above.

The. Where is the Duke?

Dn. He's here; what would you Soldiers? wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous Mad-men thus?

The. Give me my Father.

Put. Anc. Give us our General.

The. Set him here before us,
You see the Pledge we have got; you see these Torches;
All shall to Ashes, as I live, immediately,
A thousand lives for one.

Du. But hear me?

Put. No, we come not to dispute. *Enter Archas and Bur.*

The. By Heaven I swear he's rackt and whipt.

Hon. O my poor Father! *Put.* Burn, kill and burn.

Ar. Hold, hold I say: hold Soldiers,
On your Allegiance hold.

The. We must not.

Ar. Hold:

I swear by Heaven he is a barbarous Traitor stirs first,
A Villan, and a Stranger to Obedience,
Never my Soldier more, nor Friend to honour:
Why did you use your old Man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd you,

Du. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble *Archas.*

Ar. I have blame enough for all my hurts: weep no more
A Satisfaction for a thousand Sorrows: (Sir,
I do believe you innocent, a good Man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me.
Why look you wild my Friends? why stare you on me?
I charge you as you are Men, my Men, my Lovers,

As.

As you are honest faithful Men, fair Soldiers,
 Let down your Anger : Is not this our Sovereign,
 The Head of Mercy and of Law ? who dares then,
 But Rebels scorning Law, appear thus violent ?
 Is this a place for Swords ? for threatenng Fires ?
 The Reverence of this House dares any touch,
 But with obedient Knees, and pious Duties ?
 Are not we all his Subjects ? all sworn to him ?
 Has not he power to punish our Offences ?
 And not we daily fall into 'em ? assure your selves
 I did offend and highly, grievously,
 This good sweet Prince I offended, my Life forfeited,
 Which yet his Mercy, and his old Love met with,
 And only let me feel his light Rod this way :
 You are to thank him for your General,
 Pray for his Life, and Fortune : sweat your Bloods for him.
 You are Offenders too, daily Offenders,
 Proud Insolencies dwell in your Hearts, and you do 'em,
 Do 'em against his Peace, his Law, his Person ;
 You see he only Sorrows for your Sins,
 And where his Power might persecute, forgives you :
 For shame put up your Swords, for honesty,
 For orders sake and whose you are, my Soldiers,
 Be not so rude.

The. They have drawn Blood from you Sir.

Ar. That was the Blood rebel'd, the naughty Blood,
 The proud provoking Blood ; 'tis well 'tis out Boy ;
 Give you example first ; draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good Brother do

Ar. Honest and high Example,
 As thou wilt have my Blessing follow thee,
 Inherit all mine Honours : thank you *Theodore*,
 My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your self Sir ;
 I must obey you. *Exit.*

Ar. Captain, you know the way now :
 A good Man, and a valiant ; you were ever,
 Inclined to honest things : I thank you Captain. *Ex. Soul.*
 Souldiers, I thank you all : and love me still,
 But do not love me so to lose Allegiance,
 Love that above your lives : once more I thank you.

Du. Bring him to rest, and let our Cares wait on him ;
 Thou excellent old Man, thou top of honour,
 Where Justice and Obedience only build,
 Thou stock of Vertue, how am I bound to love thee ?
 In all thy noble ways to follow thee ?

Bur. Remember him that vext him Sir,

Du. Remember !

When I forget that Villany, and to pay him
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me.

Ar. I am very fore,

Du. Bring him to bed with ease Gentlemen,
For every strip Ile drop a tear to wash 'em,
And in my sad Repentance——

Ar. 'Tis too much,
I have a Life yet left to gain that Love Sir.

Exeunt.

A C T. V.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duk. **H**OW do's Lord *Archas* yet?

Bur. But weak an't please you,
Yet all the helps that Art can, are applied to him ;
His Heart's untouch'd, and whole yet ; and no doubt Sir,
His Mind being sound, his Body soon will follow.

Duk. O that base Knave that wrong'd him, without leave too ;
But I shall find an Hour to give him thanks for't ;
He's fast I hope ?

Bur. As fast as Irons can keep him :
But the most fearful wretch——

Du. He has a Conscience,
A cruel stinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one : But what news of the Soldiers ?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too fullen.

Bur. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap :
They are drawn out of the Town, and stand in Counsels,
Hatching unquiet Thoughts, and cruel Purposes :
I went my self unto 'em, talk'd with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud Murmurs,
And desperate Curses, founding these words often
Like Trumpets to their Angers : we are ruin'd,
Our Services turn'd to Disgraces, Mischiefs,
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd and whipt : the Colonel's Eyes like Torches,
Blaze every where and fright fair Peace.

Gent. Yet worse Sir :
The News is currant now, they mean to leave you,
Leave their Allegiance : and under *Olin's* charge
The bloody Enemy march strait against you.

Bur.

Bur. I have heard this too, Sir :

Du. This must be prevented,
And suddenly, and warily.

Bur. 'Tis time, Sir,
But what to minister, or how ?

Du. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't : such Blows as these,
Equal Defences ask, else they displease.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 2. *Enter Petesca, and Gentlewoman.*

Pet. Lord, what a Coile has here been with these Soldiers ?
They are cruel Fellows.

Wo. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough ; I'll tell thee true, *Petesca*,
I look'd for other manner of Dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my self ; but where's my Lady ?

Pet. In her old Dumps within ; monstrous melancholy ;
Sure she was mad of this Wench.

Wo. If she had been a Man,
She would have been a great deal madder, I am glad she is shifted.

Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her,
And yet I must confess she stood in our Lights. [*Enter Alinda.*]
What young thing's this ?

Al. Good morrow beauteous Gentlewomen :
Pray you is the Princess stirring yet ?

Wo. He has her Face.

Pet. Her very Tongue, and Tone too : her Youth upon him.

Al. I guess you to be the Princess's Women.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir.

Al. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her Grace,
You call *Alinda* ?

Pet. The Devil sure in her shape.

Wo. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that she had : in Travel ———

Pet. Mafs, I remember that : this may be he too :
I would this thing would serve her. [*Enter Olimpia.*]

Wo. So would I, Wench,
We should love him better sure : Sir, here's the Princess,
She best can satisfy you.

Al. How I love that Presence !
O blessed Eyes, how nobly shines your Comforts !

Ol. What Gentleman is that ?

Wo. We know not, Madam :
He ask'd us for your Grace : and as we guess it,
He is *Alinda's* Brother.

Ol. Ha ! let me mark him :
My Grief has almost blinded me : her Brother !
By *Venus*, he has all her Sweetness upon him :
Two silver drops of Dew were never liker.

Al. Gracious Lady ———

Ol. That pleasant Pipe he has too.

Al. Being my Happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understand by Letters,
A Sister in your vertuous Service, Madam ———

Ol. O now my Heart, my Heart akes.

Al. All the Comfort

My poor Youth has, all that my Hopes have built me,
I thought it my first Duty, my best Service
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Sister, humbly to thank your Nobleness,
That bounteous Goodness in you. *Ol.* 'Tis he certainly.

Al. That Spring of Favour to her : with my Life, Madam,
If any such most happy Means might meet me,
To shew my Thankfulness.

Ol. What have I done, Fool ?

Al. She came a Stranger to your Grace, no Courtier ;
Nor of that curious Breed befits your Service ;
Yet one, I dare assure my Soul, that lov'd you
Before she saw you ; doated on your Vertues ;
Before she knew those fair Eyes long'd to read 'em.
You only had her Prayers, you her Wishes ;
And that one Hope to be yours once, preserv'd her,

Ol. I have done wickedly.

Al. A little Beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, she brought along with her ;
And yet our Country-eyes esteem'd it much too :
But for her beauteous Mind, forget, great Lady,
I am her Brother, and let me speak a Stranger :
Since she was able to beget a Thought, 'twas honest,
The daily Study how to fit your Services,
Truly to tread that vertuous Path you walk in,
So fir'd her honest Soul, we thought her Sainted ;
I presume she is still the same : I would fain see her ;
For, Madam, 'tis no little Love I owe her.

Ol. Sir, such a Maid there was, I had ———

Al. There was, Madam ?

Ol. O my poor Wench : Eyes, I will ever curse you
For your Credulity, *Alinda.*

Al. That's her Name, Madam, .

Ol. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.

Al. Is she dead, Lady ?

Ol. Dea

Ol. Dead, Sir, to my Service.

She is gone, pray ask me no farther.

Al. I obey, Madam :

Gone ? now must I lament too : said you gone, Madam ?

Ol. Gone, gone for ever.

Al. That's a cruel Saying :

Her Honour too ?

Ol. Prithee look angry on me,

And if thou ever lovedst her, spit upon me ;

Do something like a Brother, like a Friend,

And do not only say thou lov'st her —

Al. You amaze me.

Ol. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her ;

Poor innocent Soul, I stung her ; sweet *Alinda*,

Thou vertuous Maid, my Soul now calls thee vertuous.

Why do ye not rail now at me ?

Al. For what, Lady ?

Ol. Call me base treacherous Woman.

Al. Heaven defend me.

Ol. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me,

Rashly, and madly I betray'd her Modesty,

Put her to wander, Heaven knows where ; nay, more, Sir,

Stuck a black Brand upon her.

Al. 'Twas not well, Lady.

Ol. 'Twas damnable ; she loving me so dearly,

Never poor Wench lov'd so : Sir, believe me,

'Twas the most dutious Wench, the best Companion ;

When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest,

The modestest sweet Nature dwelt within her :

I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,

I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it :

O what have I forsaken ? what have I lost ?

Al. Madam, I'll take my leave, since she is wandering,

'Tis fit I know no rest.

Ol. Will you go too, Sir ?

I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare trust me,

For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,

I love to look upon those Eyes that speak her,

To read that Face again, Modesty keep me,

Alinda, in that shape : but why should you trust me,

'Twas I betray'd your Sister, I undid her ;

And believe me, gentle Youth, 'tis I weep for her :

Appoint what Penance you please : but stay then,

And see me perform it : ask what Honour this Place

Is able to heap on you, or what Wealth :

If following me will please you, my Care of you,

Which

Which for your Sister's sake, for your own Goodness —

Al. Not all the Honour Earth has, now she's gone, Lady,
Not all the Favour; yet if I sought Preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I would only take it.
Peace rest upon you: one sad Tear every Day
For poor *Alinda's* sake, 'tis fit you pay. [Exit.]

Ol. A thousand, noble Youth; and when I sleep,
Even in my silver Slumbers still I'll weep. [Exit.]

Scene 3. Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

Du. Have you been with 'em?

Gent. Yes, an't please your Grace,
But no Persuasion serves 'em, nor no Promise,
They are fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their March to the Enemy.

Du. They must be stop't. [Enter Burris.]

Gent. I, but what Force is able? and what Leader! —

Du. How now, have you been with *Archas*?

Bur. Yes, and't please you,
And told him all: he frets like a chaf'd Lyon,
And calls for his Arms, and all those honest Courtiers
That dare draw Swords. *Du.* Is he able to do any thing?

Bur. His Mind is well enough; and where his Charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full Army.

Du. Who commands the Rebels?

Bur. The young Colonel,
That makes the old Man almost mad: he swears, Sir,
He will not spare his Son's Head for the Dukedom.

Du. Is the Court in Arms?

Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every Man mad to go now: inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the Enemy.
I beseech your Grace to give me leave.

Du. Pray go, Sir,
And look to the old Man well; take up all fairly,
And let no Blood be spilt; take general Pardons,
And quench this Fury with fair Peace.

Bur. I shall, Sir,
Or seal it with my Service; they are Villains;
The Court is up: good Sir, go strengthen 'em,
Your Royal Sight will make 'em scorn all Dangers;
The General needs no Proof.

Du. Come, let's go view 'em. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 4. Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Soldiers,
with Drums and Colours.

The. 'Tis known we are up, and marching : no Submission,
No Promise of base Peace can cure our Maladies,
We have suffer'd beyond all Repair of Honour:
Your valiant old Man's whipt ; whipt, Gentlemen,
Whipt like a Slave : that Flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one Sinew at a thousand Charges ;
That noble Body rib'd in Arms, the Enemy
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like Thunder,
That Body's torn with Lashes.

Anc. Let's turn Head.

Put. Turn nothing, Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge us.

The. Think still of his Abuses,
And keep your Angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a Top,
I never saw a Whore so lac'd : Court School butter ?
Is this their Diet ? I'll dress 'em one running Banquet :
What Oracle can alter us ? Did not we see him ?
See him we lov'd ?

The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his Reverence for that time ; is't fit, Gentlemen ?
My noble Friends, is't fit we Men, and Soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too ?

Put. Forward :
They may call back the Sun as soon, stay Time,
Prescribe a Law to Death, as we endure this.

The. They will make you all fair Promises.

Anc. We care not.

The. Use all their Arts upon you.

Anc. Hang all their Arts.

Put. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then,

He is old and cannot overtake us.

Put. Say he do.

Anc. We'll run away with him: they shall never see him more :
The Truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,
Consider nothing but our way ; believe nothing,
Not though they say their Prayers: be content with nothing,
But the knocking our their Brains : and last, do nothing,
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

The. Remove them forwards bravely ; keep your Minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em, shall be fatal.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE V. Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Ar. Peace to your Grace; take rest, they are before us.

Gent. They are, Sir, and upon the March. [Ex. Du.

Ar. Lord Burris,

Take you those Horse and coast 'em: upon the first Advantage,
If they will not slack their March, charge 'em up roundly,
By that time I'll come in.

Bur. I'll do it truly. [Exit.

Gent. How do you feel your self, Sir?

Ar. Well, I thank you;

A little weak, but Anger shall supply that.

You will all stand bravely to it?

All. Whilst we have Lives, Sir.

Ar. You speak like Gentlemen; I'll make the Knaves know,
The proudest and the strongest hearted Rebel,
They have a Law to live in, and they shall have;
Beat up a-pace, by this time he is upon 'em,
And Sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever. [Ex.
Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and their
Soldiers.

The. Stand, stand, stand close and sure;
The Horse will charge us. [Enter Bur. and 1 or 2 Soldiers.

Anc. Let 'em come on, we have Provender fit for 'em.

Put. Here comes Lord Burris, Sir, I think to parley.

The. You are welcome, noble Sir, I hope to our part.

Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide you,
To pity you; to kill you, if these fail me;

Fie, what Dishonour seek you? What black Infamy!

Why do you draw out thus? draw all Shame with you?

Are these fit Cares in Subjects? I command you

Lay down your Arms again, move in that Peace,

That fair Obedience you were bred in.

Put. Charge us?

We come not here to argue.

The. Charge up bravely,

And hotly too, we have hot Spleens to meet you,

Hot as the Shames are offer'd us. [Enter Arch. Gent. and Sold.

Bur. Look behind you,

Do you see that old Man? do you know him, Soldiers?

Put. Your Father, Sir, believe me ———

Bur. You know his Marches,

You have seen his Executions: is it yet Peace?

The. We'll die here first.

Bur. Farewel: You'll hear on's presently.

Ar. Stay, *Burris*: this is too poor, too beggarly a Body
To bear the Honour of a Charge from me,
A sort of tatter'd Rebels; go provide Gallouses;
You are troubled with hot Heads, I'll cool you presently:
These look like Men that were my Soldiers
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honest Friends: where got they these fair Figures?
Where did they steal these Shapes?

Bur. They are struck already.

Ar. Do you see that Fellow there; that goodly Rebel?
He looks as like a Captain I lov'd tenderly;
A Fellow of a Faith indeed.

Bur. He has sham'd him.

Ar. And that that bears the Colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave Fellow,
A loving and obedient, that believe me, *Burris*,
I am amaz'd and troubled: and were it not
I know the general Goodness of my People,
The Duty, and the Truth, the steadfast Honesty,
And am assur'd they would as soon turn Devils
As Rebels to Allegiance, for mine Honour.

Bu. Here needs no Wars.

Put. I pray forgive us, Sir.

Anc. Good General forgive us, or use your Sword,
Your Words are double Death.

All. Good noble General.

Bur. Pray, Sir, be merciful.

Ar. Weep out your shames first,
You make me Fool for Company: Fie, Soldiers,
My Soldiers too, and play these Tricks. What's he there?
Sure I have seen his Face too; yes, most certain
I have a Son, but I hope he is not here now,
Would much resemble this Man, wondrous near him,
Just of his height and making too; you seem a Leader.

The. Good Sir, do not shame me more: I know your Anger,
And less than Death I look not for.

Ar. You shall be my Charge, Sir, it seems you want Foes,
When you would make your Friends your Enemies:
A running Blood you have, but I shall cure you.

Bur. Good Sir —

Ar. No more, good Lord: beat forward, Soldiers:
And you, march in the Rear, you have lost your Places.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI. *Enter Duke, Olimpia, Honoira, Viola.*

Du. You shall not be thus fullen still, with me, Sister,
You do the most unnobly to be angry;
For as I have a Soul, I never touch'd her;
I never yet knew one unchast Thought in her:
I must confess I lov'd her; as who would not?
I must confess I doated on her strangely,
I offer'd all; yet so strong was her Honour,
So fortify'd as fair, no Hope could reach her;
And whilst the World beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous?

Ol. Good Sir pardon me,
I feel sufficiently my Follies Penance;
And am asham'd, that Shame a thousand Sorrows
Feed on continually. Would I had never seen her,
Or with a clearer Judgment look'd upon her:
She was too good for me, so heavenly good, Sir,
Nothing but Heaven can love that Soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again. [Enter Burris.]

Du. No more Tears,
If she be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her:
Welcome, Lord *Burris*, fair News I hope.

Bu. Most fair, Sir,
Without one Drop of Blood these Wars are ended;
The Soldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd, Sir,
And all his Anger ended.

Du. Where's Lord *Archas*?

Bur. Not far off, Sir: with him his valiant Son,
Head of this Fire, but now a Prisoner;
And if by your sweet Mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal Stroke. [Drums.]

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, Soldiers.

Du. I hear the Drums beat,
Welcome, my worthy Friend.

Ar. Stand where you are, Sir,
Even as you love your Country, move not forward,
Nor plead for Peace till I have done a Justice,
A Justice on this Villain; none of mine now,
A Justice on this Rebel.

Hon. O my Brother.

Ar. This fatal Firebrand ———

Du. Forget not, old Man,
He is thy Son of thine own Blood.

Ar. In these Veins

No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny,
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong Rebels.

Duk. 'Tis his first Fault.

Ar. Not of a thousand Sir,
Or were it so, it is a Fault so mighty,
So strong against the Nature of all Mercy,
His Mother were she living, would not Weep for him;
He dare not say he would live.

The. I must not Sir,
Whilst you say it is not fit : your Grace's mercy
Not to my life apply'd, but to my fault Sir,
The World's forgiveness next ; last, on my Knees Sir,
I humbly beg,

Do not take from me yet the Name of Father,
Strike me a thousand Blows, but let me dye yours.

Ar. He moves my Heart : I must be suddain with him;
I shall grow faint else, in my Execution ;
Come, come Sir, you have seen Death ; now meet him bravely.

Du. Hold, hold I say, a little hold ; consider
Thou hast no more Sons, *Archas*, to inherit thee;

Ar. Yes Sir, I have another, and a Nobler :
No Treason shall inherit me : young *Archas*
A Boy, as sweet as young, my Brother breeds him,
My noble Brother *Brisky*, breeds him nobly,
Him let your favour find : give him your honour.

Enter Putsky (alias Brisky) and Alinda (alias Archas.)

Put. Thou hast no Child left *Archas*, none to inherit thee
If thou strik'st that stroke now : behold young *Archas* ;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this Sacrifice as thou art :
Heave up thy Sword, and mine's heav'd up : strike *Archas*;
And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly :
Have Mercy, and I'll have Mercy : The Duke gives it,
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee,
Choose quickly, and begin.

Du. On your Obedience,
On your Allegiance save him.

Ar. Take him to you,
And sirrah, be an honest Man, you have reason :
I thank ye worthy Brother ; welcome Child,
Mine one sweet Child.

[*Sold. shout.*]

Du. Why was this Boy concealed thus ?
Put. Your Grace's Pardon :
Fearing the Vow you made against my Brother
And that your Anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his Family,

This Young Boy, to preserve from after danger,
Like a young Wench, hither I brought; my self
In the Habit of an ordinary Captain
Disguis'd, got Entertainment, and serv'd here
That I might still be ready to all Fortunes:
The Boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a Girl, *Alinda*, Madam.

Ol. Stand away,
And let me look upon him.

Du. My young Mistress?

This is a strange Metamorphosis, *Alinda*,

Al. Your Graces humble Servant.

Du. Come hither Sister:

I dare yet scarce believe mine Eyes? how they view one ano-
Dost thou not love this Boy well? (ther?

Ol. I should lye else,

Trust me, extreamly lye Sir.

Du. Didst thou never wish *Olimpia*,

It might be thus?

Ol. A thousand times.

Du. Here take him:

Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweetly:

Boy, you kiss faintly Boy; Heaven give you Comfort:

Teach him, he'll quickly learn: there's two Hearts eas'd now.

Ar. You do me too much honour Sir.

Duk. No *Archas*,

But all I can, I will; can you love me? speak truly.

Hon. Yes Sir, dearly.

Du. Come hither *Viola*, can you Love this Man?

Viol. I'll do the best I can Sir.

Duk. Seal it *Burris*:

We'll all to Church together instantly:

And then a Vie for Boys; stay, bring *Borosky*:

I had almost forgot that lump of Mischief.

*Enter
Borosky*

There *Archas*, take the Enemy to honour,

The Knave to worth: do with him what thou wilt.

Ar. Then to my Sword again; you to your Prayers;
Wash off your Villanies, you feel the Burthen.

Bor. Forgive me 'ere I die, most honest *Archas*;

'Tis too much honour that I perish thus;

O strike my Faults to kill them that no Memory,

No black and blasted Infamy hereafter——

Ar. Come, are you ready?

Bor. Yes.

Ar. And truly penitent, to make your way straight?

Bor. Thus I wash off my Sins.

Ar.

Ar. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honest Man ; I scorn Mens ruine :
Take him again, Sir, try him : and believe
This thing will be a perfect Man.

Du. I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those Hopes, Heaven's Hopes fail me.

Duk. You are old : no more Wars Father :

Theodore take you the Charge, be General.

The. All good Bless you.

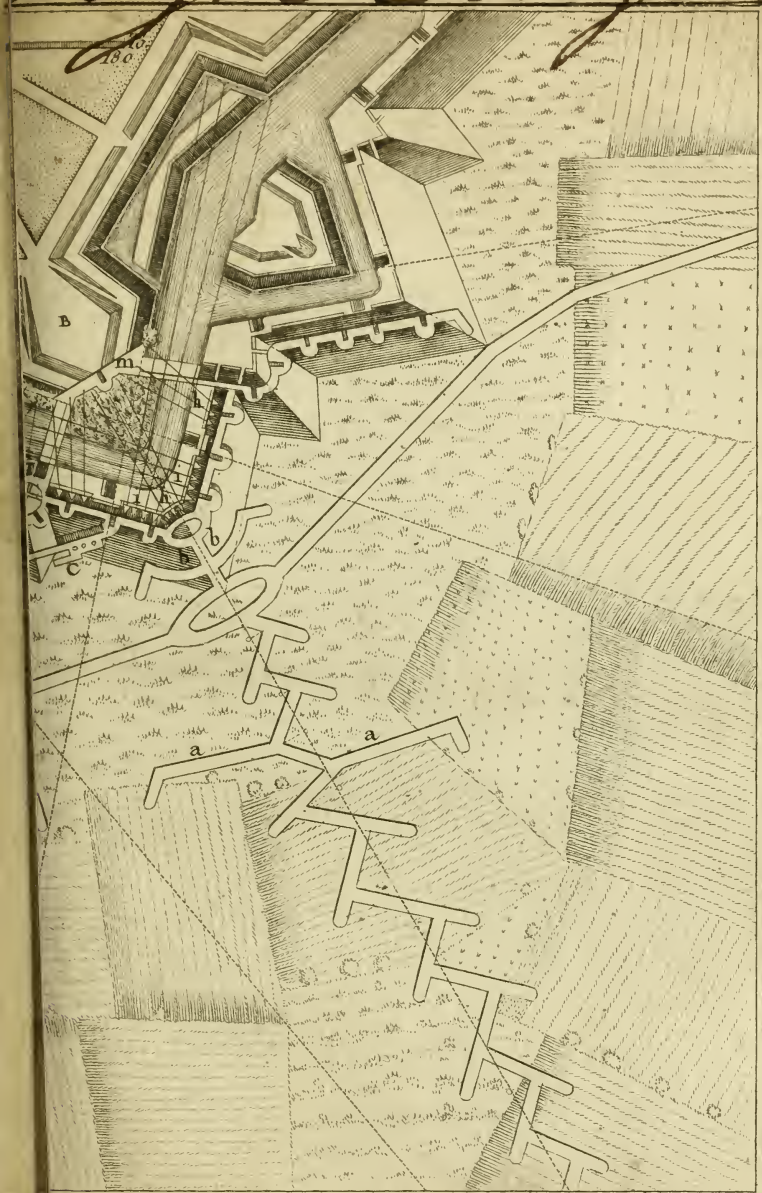
Duk. And my good Father, you dwell in my Bosom,
From you rise all my good Thoughts : when I would think
And examine Time for one that's fairly Noble,
And the same Man through all the straits of Vertue,
Upon this Silver Book I'll look, and read him.
Now forward merrily to *Hymens* Rights,
To Joys and Revels, Sports, and he that can
Most honour *Archus*, is the noblest Man.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

Lately Printed the *Northern Lass* ; or,
The *Nest of Fools*. The *Royal Merchant* ; or, *Beggars Bush*. Both Comedies.

Loyal Subject



Pl. 46.

Bernard Orax.

